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DR. NEWMAN'S TRIAL.

PROTESTANT MORALITY AND PROTESTANT JUSTICE.

THIS case has at length reached its termination, and has become matter of history. It has taken its place among those events which illustrate the character of a country and of an age; and in this point of view we cannot allow it to pass without a few words of observation. As for "the unhappy man," to use the expression of Mr. Justice Coleridge, whose character and career formed the subject of inquiry, of course the case has no longer any interest; the question as to him is set at rest for ever. We advert to it only for the sake of the characteristics which it exhibits of Protestant law and Protestant justice; in a word, of Protestantism itself. We consider the whole case from beginning to end as neither more nor less than an illustration on a gigantic scale of the essential hollowness of the system of morality, public and private, national and personal, which pervades Protestant England. In that point of view it was that Dr. Newman first had occasion to take up the history of Achilli; and certainly, from the very opening of the legal proceedings down to the last words of Mr. Justice Coleridge, it has continually furnished fresh and fresh illustrations of the same principle. A brief review of its origin and history will place this truth in the clearest light.

About six years ago, Giovanni Giacinto Achilli came to Corfu, a portion of the dominions of Protestant England, as a Catholic priest. He had hardly arrived, ere the Papal Consul demanded his surrender as having been guilty of "enormous crimes." However, he was not surrendered, perhaps because in a few days "he appeared as a Protestant." But somehow or other the people seem to have acquired a bad idea of his character, for they followed him in the streets with insulting and threatening words; and although he opened a Protestant church, he did not remain in the island long, but

removed to Zante. There he continued only a short time, and next came to Malta, whence he proceeded to England, and threw himself upon the patronage of the Anti-Popery party in this country, as a convert from Romanism, who had revelations to make of the awful errors and pernicious practices which he professed to have found in the Romish Church. He was at once eagerly and ardently received by the Evangelical section of the Church of England, represented by such men as Lord Shaftesbury and Sir Culling Smith. They stopped not to inquire as to his antecedents, although there was enough and more than enough to set them upon inquiry. For he was clearly a fugitive; he had been claimed by the authorities of his own country as "guilty of enormous crimes;" the people of Corfu and Malta appeared to have imbibed some very unfavourable notions concerning him, and even openly insulted him, so that altogether within a year or two he had thrice changed his place of retreat. No matter, however; their bigotry was so bitter and so blind that they were ready to believe that he must needs have been a fugitive for conscience' sake, because the Romish Church would never punish priests for immorality; or they were willing to accept his professed conversion as "covering a multitude of sins." Any how, whatever his acts might have been, their hatred of Popery covered all squeamish scruples as to morality;

" Their great *revenge* had stomach for it all."

So he was forthwith installed as theological tutor of an Italian Protestant College at Malta. The object of this institution was to spread Protestantism in Italy, by educating apostate priests for the work of Evangelism in that country. They found a few friends and fellow-apostates of Achilli, who now became his associates in this pious work. But ere long all this promise was nipped in the bud. "There came a frost—a killing frost." Immoralities were discovered in the Italian Protestant College, and among these apostate priests; and all were discovered to be so implicated that the committee broke up the establishment to get rid of the scandal. One should have thought that this would have been enough even for the most ultra-Protestant bigotry. There were some among them, however, in whom hatred of Popery was so strong as utterly to destroy every other feeling, so that they swallowed even this, and still paraded Achilli about as the great convert from Romanism. In this capacity he visited various towns in the country, holding forth upon the platforms of Anti-Popery meetings, or lecturing upon the errors and horrors of Romanism, and, above all, the atrocities of the Inquisition. This was his great topic, his favourite

theme. From the first he had obtained the sympathies of Protestants specially for this reason, because he had "escaped from the prisons of the Inquisition." No one seemed for a moment to imagine, none even thought it worth while to inquire, whether people were not sometimes incarcerated in those prisons for immorality; all "good haters of Popery" believed that the Church of Rome punished only heresy, and that every sin would be tolerated in a priest but *that*. Accordingly, he gained an easy credence for his stories, and helped to fan the flame of Protestant bigotry wherever he came.

At length, in 1850, Providence mercifully ordained that he should write a book; and this book—*Dealings with the Inquisition*—was his ruin. Of course he meant it to be a deadly blow to the Church; and in it he assailed the character of her pontiffs, prelates, and priests with the grossest ribaldry and calumny. "Who are generally the most wicked persons in Italy?" he asks. "Priests and monks. How great are the horrors of the cloisters, where ignorance and superstition, laziness and immorality of every description not only live but reign, and the most abominable vices have taken refuge!" Addressing the late pious and exemplary Pope Gregory (from whom he acknowledges to have received favours, and by whom he was released from prison), he says, "You deceive the people when you, so avaricious, preach disinterestedness; you so impure, chastity; you so vindictive, forgiveness; you so turbulent, peace; you so self-indulgent, temperance; you so indolent, industry; you so immoral, holiness." We ask our readers' pardon for transcribing a specimen or two of this execrable calumny; but it is necessary in order to appreciate the approval it elicited, and the character of the religion which greedily accepted it without any inquiry either into the character of the calumniator or of those whom he thus indecently assailed. The vilest abuse was lavished upon ecclesiastics notoriously "venerable" (to use even Lord Campbell's acknowledgment) "for their piety and learning." Thus, for instance, "Ancorani died," we are told, "loaded with execrations;" and Lambruschini was represented as "still living for his greater punishment;" and so on of every dignitary who had felt it his duty to exercise authority against Achilli.

These atrocious statements so completely confirmed the previous prejudices of the class of people among whom the book circulated, that they did not examine its contents so carefully as to detect its serious inconsistencies, nor observe how contradictory it was to the picture he had professed to draw of his past character and career. He discloses in this book that at Viterbo, where he was friar, professor, and priest, so long

ago as 1830 there were "evil reports" against him, "raised by the bishop's vicar;" which evil reports he shews could not have been about heresy, because he says he was "then teaching with great zeal the Romish doctrine;" but which nevertheless resulted in his being "ordered by the general of the order to renounce his professorship and leave Viterbo," and being "forced to surrender his professorship and leave that city" at the close of 1833. He discloses also that at this time he was no true Catholic, for he states that he "disbelieved in the Mass and rejected its doctrine," "that he was perfectly persuaded of its imposture," but that after this he "continued to celebrate it without devotion but with a show of earnestness;" and further he assures his readers that he never had up to this time, nor for years after, given publicly any idea that he was dissatisfied with the doctrine of the Church, or differed from the monks in opinion, or had forsaken the faith which he had advocated to the world. He went on in the same book to inform his friends that after his expulsion from Viterbo he went to another diocese of Capua, and there too he soon "foresaw a persecution against him," which could not have been about heresy, because up to this time he publicly taught the faith with zeal, yet as to which he cautiously abstained from explaining why he was able to "foresee" it. Next he mentioned that "he had been induced to apply to the Pope for letters of secularisation, which were granted," but which he stated "he had not put in force until 1839;" whence it would appear that the Church was more anxious to relieve him of the responsibility of religious vows than he was to be relieved; notwithstanding that he has been careful to assure us that "he had never been really a monk." Next his readers find him at Naples, where he says (unfortunate man!) that he was "continually attacked by false reports;" and about this time it was that he had the misfortune to be arrested by the Inquisition. That he had not the least idea of leaving the Church, may be gathered from his emphatically stating, "had this not befallen me, I should have returned to Naples, enjoying a little world of my own." He stated that while in the Inquisition, reports were circulated that he had been "guilty of other crimes than those for which he was placed there," and that there was a process against him respecting his conduct at Viterbo and Naples; whence it would necessarily appear—assuming the truth of his former statements about himself—that these charges did not relate, at least principally, to heresy, of which he had not in those places shewn himself to be guilty. In 1842 he represented himself to have been released "from the dungeons of the Inquisition," and to have been allowed to depart, though under

strict surveillance; and then in a curiously vague way stated his departure thus: "In September I was near Nazzano; I set off for Ancona; I left Ancona in October, and reached Corfu." This bore very much the appearance of a clandestine departure from surveillance; and the inference was strengthened by his adding, "I was fortunate enough to get included in the passport of a family without any separate mention of my name; a necessary precaution to insure me from molestation on the road." What peril he was in which should have either induced him to escape out of Italy in this way, or apprehend "molestation on the road," he did not explain.

The obscurities and incongruities of this narrative required explanation, and it was promptly supplied. In the same year appeared an article in the *Dublin Review*, making statements of a very circumstantial character, and corresponding most remarkably in point of time and place with some of the admissions in Achilli's own book. Thus, for instance, it alleged, that he had committed serious crimes at Viterbo prior to 1833, for which he had been deprived of his faculty to lecture; and in his book he stated, "I was forced to give up my faculty and to leave Viterbo at the close of 1833." So again it was alleged, that he had committed a similar offence at Naples at the end of 1840; and in his book he stated that he was arrested in the very next year. These were coincidences which raised a great probability of truth, to say the least. Nor were other confirmations wanting. In the same year appeared an article in the *Record*, the organ of the Evangelical party, containing this statement on the part of the Committee of the Malta College: "after Dr. Achilli's appointment, various unpleasant statements were made to the Committee as to his past history, which were submitted to him; but as they were denied by him, and not supported by sufficient *evidence*, they were rejected." This was not all. The article in the *Review* referred to official documents at Viterbo, Naples, and other places; and above all, to a judgment of the Court of Inquisition in the year 1841, the very year in which Achilli escaped from Italy, and the year after the alleged crime at Naples, which judgment professed to be founded on that and several similar offences against morality.

These statements created of course a considerable sensation among the patrons of Achilli, and the more honourable-minded among them demanded of him a refutation. He declined, however, to do any thing more than offer a flat denial. This did not satisfy them; for they knew that nothing was easier than denial. The article in the *Review* was republished in a separate form; still he took no steps to vindi-

cate his character; nor could all the entreaties of his wealthy friends, ready to back him with their purses, induce him to make the attempt. The effect upon those whose sense of truth and virtue was not quite blunted by the virulence of bigotry may be easily conceived. In the course of the twelve months which elapsed from the publication of the *Review* in July until the middle of the next year 1850, Achilli was not heard of.

The next year, however, 1851, was marked by the memorable agitation against "Papal Aggression;" and in that storm of public excitement Achilli again came forward as the champion of Protestantism. In a second edition of his book he thus alluded to the article in the *Review*—"There is the renowned Cardinal Wiseman; he has published an infamous article against me in the *Dublin Review*." So it is clear he was quite cognizant of these charges, which yet he ventured not to meet except in terms of gross and coarse abuse. But, besides this, he mentions also in this second edition of his book, that a member of the French Assembly, during a visit Achilli paid to France (while he was under an eclipse in this country), had published an exposure of his career; and he had no other answer to make than by calling him a liar. One would imagine that all this would have been enough for his Protestant patrons. But no; their anti-papal zeal was proof even against this. And as we are more anxious to expose them than him, and as they have lately become somewhat ashamed of their former champion and seem almost inclined to disavow him, we will present a few testimonials from his former admirers which appeared about this time, to prove the high estimation in which Protestants held him, and the extent to which they credited the monstrous and mendacious statements of his book. Mr. Justice Coleridge said that the Church of England had no concern with him. Indeed! we should have thought otherwise. It was the Church of England College he was presiding over at Malta; and it was in that most orthodox journal, the *Church and State Gazette*, that his work was spoken of in the following terms: "As a contribution to contemporary ecclesiastical history we are disposed to recommend it most heartily. Rome has endeavoured to dispose of the author by accusing him of every possible crime; and one individual among us (*i.e.* the Cardinal) is said to have earned his dignity by his unscrupulous dealing in baseless accusations against the reforming Dominican." The *Atlas* said: "As an able and lucid digest against Popery, as a graphic description of many of the practices of the Romish Church, and as the record of the experience of a vigorous and enlightened mind, the work

is one of the most valuable which the subject has called forth. There is in the generalities of our author's account a truthfulness, a knowledge and mastery of the subject, and opportunity of observation, which will go far to make his volume a standard work in defence of the principles of Protestantism." The discerning *Spectator* said: "The book contains internal evidence of truth." The *Evangelical Magazine* backed it as a "valuable and most seasonable volume." 'Seasonable' no doubt it was, a second edition especially, amidst the heat of the anti-papal agitation, and 'valuable' for the vile purposes of the agitators. The *Wesleyan Watchman* called it "worthy on many accounts, and especially at this time, of our attention; and we believe also worthy of our trust." The *Independent Banner* said with emphasis: "Dr. Achilli has done admirable service to the cause of ecclesiastical reformation, and the illumination of a darkened world on this terrible subject;" while the pious *Patriot* said: "He carries us behind the scenes of Italian ecclesiastical life and reveals its weaknesses." Here were all classes and sects of Protestants appealing to Achilli as their authority, and venerating him as their champion. And now what we wish our readers to remark is, that all these good people were well aware of the real character of the man whom they thus eulogised as an antagonist to Romanism. His own book disclosed that he had been, so long ago as 1833, forced to surrender his professorship and leave Viterbo; the article in the *Review* to which they refer alleged foul crimes against him committed before that time. He acknowledged having been arrested in 1841 at Naples; and the *Review* alleged another foul crime as having been committed in 1840 in that city.

As to his residence at Corfu and Capua, official documents were appealed to, and one of them *published*, as testifying to his immoral character. At Malta he himself had stated that the very mob insulted him; and the Committee of the Protestant College had dismissed him avowedly for stopping an inquiry into immoral practices, and in their less reserved communications spoke of him as having been more personally implicated in immoralities himself. All this was known to the "religious public." On his own shewing he had been a fugitive and wanderer ever since 1833, and accusations had been made against him wherever he came; and he acknowledged that when he was arrested by the Inquisition he had never meant to leave the Church, though for ten years he had ceased to believe in her doctrines, and was perfectly persuaded of their imposture. All this, we repeat, the "religious public" well knew; yet they patronised him and eulogised him as

their champion of Protestantism and the antagonist of Catholicism! Need we—could we say any thing more severe than this simple fact? Yet there was a lower depth of degradation and depravity, to which those who fed the flames of bigotry with the fuel of foul calumny now descended.

In July 1851, Dr. Newman, in the course of lectures he was delivering descriptive of Protestantism, most naturally and necessarily adverted to the history of Achilli in association with Protestant patronage, as a most striking illustration of the character of that heresy. The essence of his argument on the subject was founded on the conduct of Protestants in respect to Achilli—their eager adoption of his calumnies, and their carelessness as to his antecedents; swallowing his stories of iniquity with all the heat and haste of hatred, and not waiting to make the least inquiry into his character and career, or seeking to ascertain his credibility; and above all, their continuing to patronise him, and put him forward as their champion, after the facts of his past history had been published—indifferent as to his purity, so that he served to cherish their bigotry. Thus the passage which formed the alleged libel commenced with the exclamation, "Oh, the one-sidedness of Protestantism!" and proceeded in those words which so offended the critical taste of Mr. Justice Coleridge: "In the midst of outrages such as these, wiping its mouth, and clasping its hands, and turning up its eyes, it trudges to the Townhall to hear Dr. Achilli expose the Inquisition! The Protestant world flocks to hear him because he has something to tell of the Catholic Church." We need not quote more; our readers will remember the scathing sarcasm with which the eloquent controversialist held up to scorn the chosen champion of Protestantism, the impious assailant of the Church; and they can easily conceive the anger which such an exposure would excite among his patrons—an exposure not so much of *him* as of *themselves*. They knew they could not answer it, so they sought to substitute for refutation *revenge*; and, in the true spirit of Protestantism—in the spirit of the penal laws, by which of old the priests of the true Church were exterminated and proscribed—they conspired to persecute the man whom they could not refute. Had their object been to discover the *truth*, even supposing there had been any doubt of it, they could easily have sent a deputation to Corfu, and Naples, and Viterbo; they could send deputations to Italy (as we have seen) fast enough on fools' errands. The truth, however, was not their object. Their end was triumph; and as to the means, they were not over-scrupulous. They would go to a jury. They had felt the popular pulse; it was at fever height. Just as in the case of

Carré the claims of disappointed relatives which had slept for years were brought forward at this favourable crisis, as a means of annoying the Cardinal Archbishop; so the character of Achilli, which had been labouring under suspicion or aspersion for years, was now to be made the pretence for a persecution against Dr. Newman. The conspiracy was as crafty and as cruel in the one case as in the other. Obviously, we say, the motive for the proceeding after the time which had elapsed was not vindication but revenge. Achilli himself was heard to say, "Dr. Newman is a bad man, and I hope to put him in prison;" and the selection of the mode of proceeding adopted clearly evinced that his patrons or himself were animated by vindictive feelings. They might have brought an action; they preferred a criminal information. The reason was, that in the latter—a criminal procedure—Dr. Newman might, if convicted, be imprisoned.

In order to obtain the rule for a criminal information, it was necessary for Achilli to make an affidavit denying all the charges against him. He made this affidavit, which was drawn by an experienced special pleader with the utmost astuteness; and it is curious to observe how he states his history in it. "That as early as 1829 he entertained doubts as to some of the doctrines of the Church of Rome, and that notwithstanding such doubts, he was for a long time unwilling to leave it; but that in the exercise of his duties as confessor and preacher, his practice and teaching were in some respects openly at variance with, and falling short of the practice and doctrines of the Church of Rome." This was at Viterbo, which he had said in his book he was forced to leave in 1833. Without noticing how he came to leave Viterbo, his affidavit suddenly shifts the scene to Rome, thus: "In 1835 being about to leave Rome for Capua, he solicited permission to secularise." Why did he not state how it came to pass that he had come to Rome? why he had left Viterbo? why in two years he should thrice change his residence? and how he came to secularise? On all these points the affidavit was silent. Then all of a sudden the scene shifted once more to Naples—"That his practice, preaching, and conversation, while at Capua and Naples for seven years, from 1835 to 1841, drew much attention upon him, and, as he believes, made him suspected and disliked by many members of the Church of Rome." It will be remarked that the terms made use of, "practice and conversation," would include his moral conduct; though, at the same time, it conveyed (coupled with the word "preaching") rather the impression of something defective in the discharge of his priestly duties. The object, of course, was to account for the arrest by the In-

quisition which he proceeded to state, and to insinuate that it was for heresy, not for immorality. Yet it is most observable, that this being stated as having occurred in 1841, he goes on to say, "That from the time of his leaving Italy, he has always professed openly his renunciation of the faith and doctrines of the Church of Rome;" he did not venture to say that he had ever done so before, or had ever intimated any doubt on the subject, or had ever been accused of heresy. This it is very important to remark, as he afterwards alleged that he had been arrested wholly for heresy. If this had been really so, it would have been at once easy, advisable, and material to allege it in his affidavit; but this affidavit was drawn before he knew what evidence could be adduced against him; and the skill of the special pleader will be perfectly appreciated. One statement, however, he distinctly swore to, that he had never been prohibited from preaching or hearing confessions, and that he had not been deprived of his faculty to lecture. And here we must mark in passing a curious illustration of the morality of Protestantism, and the honour of the English bar. Achilli's pleader is a most respectable gentleman, and as good a Protestant as any in England. He must have had Achilli's book before him, as part of his "instructions," with the *Dublin Review*, and the publication of the Maltese Committee referred to in the *Record*. Now with these materials before him, this gentleman drew an affidavit for Achilli, in which he was to swear that he had never been deprived of his faculty to lecture, though in his book he distinctly states that he had been. The client swore further, that "he has never affected to believe, and has not inculcated any doctrine, of the falsehood of which he was satisfied;" an assertion inconsistent with the statement in his book, that for ten years after he had been perfectly persuaded of the imposture of the Mass, he had continued to celebrate it with a show of devotion, and that he still "taught all the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church with zeal."

It was not surprising that the skilful special pleader who drew this affidavit should carefully avoid all allusion either to Achilli's book or to the article in the *Dublin Review*. It would have been perilous to mention the former, with which the affidavit was so inconsistent, and which, moreover, contained charges of the vilest and most violent character against the most virtuous and pious personages. For no longer ago than 1848, the law was thus laid down in the Irish Court of Queen's Bench (where it is the same as in England): "On an application for a criminal information, the conduct of applicant in the transaction is open to the scrutiny of the court, and it will inquire into the provocation he may have given; and the

court may refuse the application without at all deciding that the law has not been broken."* And in 1847 the English Court of Queen's Bench refused a rule for an information for libel upon a coroner, even though that libel regarded his conduct in the discharge of his duty, because it appeared that he had at a public meeting vindicated his own conduct, and that he was not wholly free from blame in the transaction in question.† Since then, a case occurred in the same court, in which it was held that "a criminal information will not be granted to a party in respect of charges made by way of recrimination against one who has himself been an assailant."‡ And still later, while the case of Achilli was pending, we remember reading in the *Times* a report of a case in which Mr. Justice Crampton took home the affidavits to peruse carefully, with the express view of seeing whether the conduct of the applicant had been such as to entitle him to the extraordinary protection of the court by way of criminal information, or whether he ought to be left to his ordinary remedy by action. And as to the article in the *Dublin Review*, it was settled law for three centuries, that no action or information could be maintained, without express proof of *malice*, against one who had only copied a previous publication. In 1809, the present Lord Chief Justice Campbell, in a volume of reports by "John Campbell, Esq., barrister-at-law," published the following note to one of the cases reported :

"It is decided that an action will not lie for words innocently read as a story (query history ?) out of a book, however false and defamatory they may be. Thus, where a clergyman in a story recited a story out of Fox's *Martyrology*, that one Greenwood, being a perjured person and a great persecutor, had great plagues inflicted upon him, and was killed by the hand of God, whereas in truth he never was so plagued, and was himself actually present at the discourse ; the words being delivered only as matter of history, and not with any intention to slander, it was adjudged for the defendant. And it seems now settled that in these cases the requisite evidence may be given under the plea of not guilty."§

This case was decided in the reign of James I. It has been repeatedly cited and recognised since as law in the Court of Queen's Bench while "John Campbell, Esq." was at the bar ; and it was cited in 1838 as good law in the great case of the House of Commons by Sir J. Campbell, Knight, her

* Butt v. Jackson, 10 Irish Law Reports.

† Ex parte Wakley, 7 Queen's Bench Reports.

‡ Regina v. Hall, 7 Law Times.

§ Campbell's Nisi Prius Reports, vol. i. p. 270.

Majesty's Attorney-General.* It is abundantly obvious, then, why Achilli's pleader did not refer either to his book or to the article in the Review.

In perfect contrast to the spirit in which the prosecutor proceeded, was the way in which the defendant met the application. He might easily have defeated it, by simply setting forth that the charges were taken from the Review, and that he believed them to be true. It had been held in Sir F. Burdett's case that this was an answer to such an application. Or again, he might have set forth numerous passages in Achilli's book making foul charges against the character of venerable ecclesiastics which he could have sworn were false; and thus brought the case within the principle of the authorities that have been already quoted. However, he took neither course. He was not anxious to defeat the prosecutor by *law*; he was quite willing to meet him on the *facts*. But for this purpose it was of course requisite to obtain time to procure affidavits from Italy; and he applied to the court accordingly. The request was obviously reasonable; so much so, that the counsel for Achilli actually conceded that it had been before acceded to in similar cases; and they could only resist it on this occasion by insinuations that as Dr. Newman was a seceder to the Church of Rome, and Achilli was a seceder from it, affidavits could easily be got up in Italy against the latter. And this suggestion was actually sanctioned by the court; for the Lord Chief Justice in refusing the application said, "Dr. Newman had not sworn that he believed the charges true, but only that he believed he could obtain evidence of the truth," a distinction which could only of course imply that he might obtain *false* evidence; and the Chief Justice scrupled not to state the hypothesis, for he said, "The affidavit comes to this, that he may have made the charges upon common rumour, and without any reason to believe that he had the means of proving them" (*i.e.* that he had been a reckless libeller), "and now wished to find persons who could make an affidavit in support of the charges," *i.e.* to find persons to make affidavits in support of charges he did not believe to be true! The foul suggestion could not have been more plainly worded, and it is obvious it would equally apply to any *oral* evidence which might afterwards be obtained in behalf of Dr. Newman; and Lord Campbell well knew that every word he said would be read by the jurors who were to try the case. It afterwards appeared how well they had taken the hint thus considerably thrown out for them by the Lord Chief Justice! Lord Campbell said as clearly as he could, "Believe no Italian witnesses!

* Stockdale v. Hansard, Queen's Bench Reports.

credit no Catholic testimony!" After this it was with cruel irony he said, that "Dr. Newman might at the trial prove the charges true." No doubt, if he could. But Lord Campbell had done his best to make it impossible. The practical result of the refusal of the application was to deprive Dr. Newman of an essential part of his evidence. Rosa de Alessandris, for example, one of the principal witnesses, could not come over to England for the trial, but she could have sworn, and afterwards did swear, an affidavit to the truth of the charge as to her; and it was on affidavits that the rule would be opposed, whereas at the trial the witnesses themselves must appear.

Well, on the 21st Nov. 1851, the "information" issued; and it "gave our Lady the Queen to understand and be informed, that John Henry Newman, Doctor of Divinity, contriving and maliciously and wickedly intending to injure and vilify one Giovanni Giacinto Achilli, and to bring him into great contempt, scandal, infamy, and disgrace, did falsely and maliciously compose and publish a certain false, malicious, scandalous, and defamatory libel," &c. &c. which libel our readers will well remember; and they will be amused at the absurdity of all this legal ribaldry. To this "information" the said John Henry Newman had to "plead." His pleaders, Mr. Baddeley and Mr. Addison, two of the best pleaders and most learned lawyers in Westminster Hall, pleaded on the 30th Dec. 1851. The first plea was not guilty; which meant not merely that Dr. Newman had not published the libel, but that he had not published it "maliciously." In a second plea they "justified" the libel, on the ground of its truth, setting forth as to each charge facts shewing it to be true.

The trial is so recent, and has moreover been so fully reported and illustrated with such copious annotations by Mr. Finlason, that we need not travel over that ground again; we doubt not that all our readers have long since come to a very definite conclusion respecting its merits, and formed a certain estimate, favourable or unfavourable, of all the parties concerned in it, judge, counsel, and jury. We shall confine our observations to the concluding acts of the drama, the motion for the new trial, its refusal, and the judgment of the court. In the course of the first trial two points of law were ruled by Lord Campbell, either of which ruled differently would have been decisive in favour of Dr. Newman; and we are assured, on legal authority we place some dependence upon, that they ought to have been ruled differently. One was as to the effect of the judgment of the Inquisition. Lord Campbell told the jury distinctly, "It is for you to say whether it was pronounced for heresy or immorality." Now, the judgment purported to

be for immorality, and no evidence was adduced of fraud or forgery; on the contrary, the seal of Cardinal Antonelli was proved, certifying to the seal of the court, which attested "all the facts" set forth in the document; and Lord Campbell declared it could not be suggested that it was a fabrication. Now it is clear law, laid down in all our text-books,* that a foreign criminal judgment is conclusive as to the facts it states, so that a jury are not at liberty to find the facts against it. This is matter of law, founded upon the respect to be paid to the judgment of a supreme court of a sovereign state. We contend, then, that the Lord Chief Justice had no right to leave it to the jury to say whether they believed Achilli to have been suspended for the immoralities alleged. The second question was as to the admissibility of the article in the *Dublin Review*. It was tendered in evidence as the original authority referred to in the libel. Lord Campbell refused to receive it. And he told the jury, "On the plea of not guilty your verdict must be for the prosecutor, because Dr. Newman admits the publication; and it will be for you to say (only) whether it be a libel, *i. e.* containing defamatory charges against the prosecutor." This implies that a libel consists only in defamation. Here, again, we contend on legal authority that there was a misrepresentation of the law. The essence of a libel is *malice*; and the information alleged that Dr. Newman maliciously published the libel complained of; and this was denied by the plea of not guilty.

It has been held in the Queen's Bench within the last few years, that on the plea of not guilty the defendant may give in evidence any thing tending to shew that he was not guilty of the malicious slander charged;† and it had previously been held in the Common Pleas, that the fact that he copied the libel from a previous publication, and so was not the inventor of the slander, tends to shew that he had not malice.‡ From these authorities we venture to think that lawyers are right in disputing Lord Campbell's law as laid down on this occasion, and preferring that of "John Campbell, Esquire," which we quoted just now. A new trial was moved for on these two grounds, and also on the ground of the verdict being against evidence. With respect to the admissibility of the *Review*, the court so summarily disposed of it as not to allow themselves time even to see the reason on which it was rested. They dealt with it on another ground altogether, as if it were offered merely in proof of the plea of justification, as raising a probability of the truth of the charges. It may or may not

* See Starke on Evidence.

† *Lillie v. Price*, 5 Adolphus and Ellis.

‡ *Saunders v. Mills*, 6 Bingham

have been inadmissible on that ground; but unless all the authorities alluded to are wrong (and they cannot be upset by a hasty decision, made without any reference to them), it was admissible as tending to negative malice. With regard to the other point of law, the force of the judgment of the Inquisition, Lord Campbell clearly perceived that the court inclined to think his law wrong; and he therefore got rid of it by a course which astounded every one. He professed he had told the jury that the judgment was good evidence that Achilli had been suspended for the immoralities alleged, but not that he had committed them. In vain Sir A. Cockburn appealed to his express direction to the jury that they might believe he was suspended for heresy; the court eagerly accepted the explanation, and refused the rule on this ground also. But the great text-books of the law bear testimony against this equivocal ruling, and lay it down, as we have already said, that the judgment was conclusive evidence of all that it set forth. This decision alone was fatal to the defendant's case. If the judgment had been taken as conclusive, all the defendant's charges would have been legally proved.

The court granted the rule on the third ground, of the verdict being against evidence; and it is hardly worth while wasting a word on *that* topic. Enough to say, that the court did not affect to be satisfied with the verdict, and ultimately said they were *not* satisfied with it. They, however, refused the new trial; and they refused it upon a miserable quibble. They first, however, assumed that Dr. Newman could adduce no other evidence at a second trial than on the first. This was in utter opposition to the sworn evidence; which shewed that witnesses were absent who might now be obtained, and documents in existence which might now be regularly proved. Making this unwarrantable assumption, and assuming also that if no other evidence were adduced, *all* the charges in the plea could not be proved, they laid it down as law, that the verdict *must* be against Dr. Newman, even though he proved nineteen of the charges, supposing he did not prove the twentieth. A decision more opposed to common sense or justice of course could not be conceived. The court did not profess to support it either on the ground of sense or justice. They relied on an alleged rule of law, that a plea must justify the whole of a libel and be proved as to the whole, or it fails altogether. Now if there were such a rule, it would be singularly absurd as applied to a case like this, where the charges were quite distinct in time and place, so that the proof of one could not affect the truth of another; and therefore it would be a

self-evident absurdity to say that one could not be proved because another was not. We are assured, however, on legal authority, that there is no such rule; that the rule which really exists is one perfectly consistent with sound sense and justice, viz. that where there is only a single charge in the libel, met by a single answer, the whole of that answer must be proved. But the present case was one in which there were many separate charges in the libel, each answered by a separate justification, distinct in point of date and place, and in substance, if not in form, a separate plea.

Years ago it was held in the Queen's Bench, that a defendant in an action of libel might separately answer as to distinct parts of it, justifying separate charges.* And in 1830 a case came before the Common Pleas clearly illustrating this.† The libel charged that the plaintiff had been thrice suspended, once by Lord Stowell and twice by Sir John Nicholl; just as in the case of Dr. Newman the libel charged that Achilli had been deprived of his faculty at Viterbo and suspended perpetually at Rome. The plea justified the libel only as to one suspension by Sir J. Nicholl; and this was objected to because it was pretended that the libel was one and indivisible, and that the plea ought to have been so, and therefore that it ought to have been justified as to three suspensions, and been proved *in toto*. But the court held otherwise. And Lord Chief Justice Tindal said, "The charge is severable. Where the charge is not severable, the defendant must justify to the full extent of the charge. On a charge of murder for instance, it would be no plea to allege that manslaughter had been committed. But where defendant says that plaintiff was thrice suspended, it is no more than saying he was suspended once on such a day, once on such another day, and once on a third day." So Mr. Justice Parke says, "The imputation has in effect three dates; for as Sir J. Nicholl and Lord Stowell do not sit in the same court, the alleged suspensions must have taken place at different times." So Mr. Justice Bosanquet says, "The suspensions must have been separate acts." This case clearly shews, that in a libel separate charges may be separately answered; that charges relating to separate acts are separate charges; and that acts occurring at different times (and places) are separate acts. And further, it shews that as the charges are separate, the answers to each charge must be separate answers. The result of this would be, that on whatever charges Dr. Newman might succeed, he should

* *Stiles v. Nokes*, 7 East's Reports.

† *Clarkson v. Lawson*, 6 Bingham's Reports.

have a separate verdict, and *the costs thereon*; and, of course, would be entitled to a new trial on any charge on which the jury had found against the evidence.

The court, however, held it otherwise; as we believe (and are assured by those who understand the subject), contrary to law; a conclusion which certainly is confirmed by the fact that they did not refer to a single authority, and seemed to assume that there were none. Indeed, the Lord Chief Justice said he had searched and found none; whereas those we have cited are but specimens of innumerable others similar in principle.

The practical consequence of this decision was a denial of substantial justice to Dr. Newman. When he came up for judgment, the court avowed that they were not satisfied with the verdict; that is to say, it was in part at least contrary to the evidence; in other words, that Achilli was guilty of some of the grievous crimes charged against him. Yet judgment was given against Dr. Newman! And this involved (independently of the fine) the payment of the costs on both sides, stated to exceed ten thousand pounds, including the costs of the issues which the court said ought to have been found for him! Now we ask, what was this enormous penalty to be imposed for? For making false charges? No. Had the court believed the charges to be false, they must have inflicted a far heavier fine than one hundred pounds. Then was it for making them rashly or without reasonable cause? No; for the court said there was reasonable ground for believing them and for bringing them forward. Then was it for malice? Not in the least; the court expressly declared they imputed no malice, and that the motive of publication was rational and laudable. Then what was the judgment for, carrying with it, as it did, all this awful weight of costs? Mr. Justice Coleridge stated the only reason that could be given, viz. that Dr. Newman had brought some charges which he could not legally prove! Such, then, is the moral theology of the Queen's Bench. You may prove a man a monster of iniquity; but if you happen to have alleged any thing of which the legal proof happens to fail (by reason of the accidental yet unavoidable absence of a witness, or the destruction of a document), although the point not legally proved may be comparatively immaterial, and though it may be perfectly true; and though it is admitted that you had good grounds for believing and asserting it, yet you are liable to a penalty of thousands of pounds! Mr. Justice Coleridge's words seem to say, that if the charges in a libel are proved true, and their publication was for the public benefit, then there is a justification, however maliciously they may have

been published; whereas if they cannot all be proved to be true, however much their publication may have been for the public benefit, and however laudable the motive, there is no justification. This was not always the law of England. When that law was in conformity with Catholic theology, the test of justification was not truth, and still less proof; but reasonable ground for belief, and laudable motive for publishing. Truth may be published malignantly; and for the law to excuse it because for the public benefit, is for the public to take advantage of a private wrong and personal sin. On the other hand, that which cannot be proved true may nevertheless be true; and that which is not true may be published innocently and laudably; and to punish a man who has proved some charges, not only for those he has not proved but for those he has, is surely both irrational and unjust. But, above all, to punish a man for not proving in particular detail charges he has proved in substance, is absolutely iniquitous. And Dr. Newman did prove the substance of all his most serious charges, so far as the general character of the crimes went, though not as to the precise degree or the particular detail. Even as to that he gave legal evidence in many instances; moral evidence in all; and he swore to his belief in all, on grounds which the court confessed to be just; yet he is mulct in ten thousand pounds! Was it, then, any fault of his that Rosa di Alessandris was just now unable to travel, or that the Neapolitan police-officer was aged? that the archives at Viterbo were burnt, and the documents at Naples not duly authenticated to Lord Campbell's critical taste? Does legal or moral responsibility rest on such an accident as the absence of a witness or loss of a paper? Such is English law, the law of the "most enlightened among the nations of the earth."

Mr. Justice Coleridge in passing sentence spoke of shame. We hope he felt it (as we do) not for the illustrious defendant, but for the hypocrisy of English law and the iniquity of Protestant justice, and, above all, for the hollowness of Anglican morality. His Lordship, in a tone of affected solemnity, embraced the occasion (with admirable taste) to deliver himself of a homily on Anglicanism, in which he spoke of candour, yet at the very same time condescended to borrow some of the coarsest and most contemptible topics of the prosecutor's counsel. Sir F. Thesiger, for example, having cross-examined one of the Italian witnesses as to how she came to tell the story of her shame, received for answer that her curate had told her it was right that she should do so for the honour of the Church and the glory of God; whereupon, with the most impudent perversion of the truth, he went on to represent

this speech not as an exhortation to the woman to come and speak the truth, but a temptation to commit perjury; and Mr. Justice Coleridge, after six months' reflection, actually retails this atrocious calumny from his judicial chair: "The honour of the Church and the glory of God," he said; "venerable names, but too likely in the minds of the uninstructed to lead to error and exaggeration:" strange names these, by the by, as applied to statements which, if not what they professed to be, strictly true, could only have been most wilful perjury. And this is not the only part of Judge Coleridge's homily which was unworthy of him. He went on to observe, that it was strange that one so immoral as Achilli was described to have been, should yet have been so caressed and promoted in the Catholic Church. Miserable misrepresentation! He well knew that the unhappy man (as he called him) was neither caressed nor promoted in any diocese, after his offences were discovered; but that, on the contrary, expulsion followed quickly upon detection; that he was forced to leave Viterbo in 1833, to secularise in 1839, and was arrested in Naples in 1841, and perpetually suspended in the same year. His lordship knew perfectly well that Achilli after his expulsion from Viterbo never continued long in the same diocese or even the same country, and in seven years was finally deprived. So much for the candour of Mr. Justice Coleridge.

But he was critical as well as candid. He did not like the style of Dr. Newman, and thought himself severely sarcastic when he said that the illustrious man's writings had not been characterised by personal accusation while he continued in the Anglican establishment, and conducted his controversy with Rome. The sarcasm may be easily retorted. The reason is, that in controversy with the Catholic Church there is no scope for such accusations. She seeks not her champions in men of tainted morality. She entrusts not her sacred cause to those whose life is impure. Her theologians are venerable for virtue as well as learning; her champions are selected for their sanctity not less than their ability. She may have unworthy sons, but she does not make them her patterns, or put them forward as her favourite children; but visits them, however mercifully, with condign chastisement and ultimate condemnation.

Another point in the judicial homily was a most unseemly attempt to take advantage of the case of Achilli, as affording not only no argument against Protestantism, but an argument against Catholicism. "Assuming him to have been as bad as had been represented (Coleridge said), Achilli was not brought up in the Protestant Church." But according to his own

account, he has been, all through his career of crime, really and in truth a Protestant. Ever since 1829 he declares that he has disbelieved the doctrines of the Catholic faith; and since 1832 has been "perfectly persuaded of their imposture," and has held—so he affirms—the distinctive, negative views of Protestantism. We beg to ask what more could be required to constitute him a Protestant. What is Protestantism but disbelief of Catholicism? What other common ground have all its numerous sects? This has been amply illustrated in the case of Achilli himself. Church-of-England men, Independents, Wesleyans, Baptists, Methodists, all could combine to cherish him as their champion against Rome. They could concur in hate, though not in their love; in their unbelief, though not in their belief. Assuming Achilli's own account of himself to be true, he was as good a Protestant as the best of them. He believed as much as any of them, and much more than many. The Catholic Church, then, can certainly have no responsibility for a man who from his youth cast off her authority, disbelieved her doctrines, and discarded her discipline. From the moment Achilli disbelieved one of her doctrines, he became in heart a Protestant, and all his subsequent career was the career of a Protestant. He himself says in his book he never was really a monk; and he clearly shews that since 1830 he has not been a Catholic. The Church might as reasonably be deemed responsible for the morality of Luther after his apostasy, as for that of Achilli since his secret renunciation of Catholicism.

The mention of Luther reminds us of the remarkable parallel which was drawn by our Protestant judges between him and Achilli. Repeatedly they referred to the resemblance between them; and they evidently considered Achilli as a kind of modern Luther. When his book was quoted against him, acknowledging that for years after he had become "persuaded" of the falsehood of Catholic doctrines, he continued to teach them, he said, "that is only what your reformers did!" And Lord Campbell quite acquiesced. Again, when he was accused of violating his monastic vows by marriage, "Oh! (said Lord Campbell) Luther not only married, but married a nun." We accept the parallel; we recognise and acknowledge the likeness. It would be gross injustice perhaps to the German heretic to compare him with Achilli as respects his morality in practice. The one was as bad in theory as the other is alleged to have been in practice. Anyhow, they both display the indissoluble union between pride of heart and impurity of life—between idolatry of the intellect and indulgence of the passions—between the right of private judgment and the laxity

of personal morality. This last point was admirably illustrated at the trial of the modern Luther. The Attorney-General of England, speaking of the great body of her gentry and clergy, declared the deadly sin of impurity to be one which but few among them could venture to disavow! Had Dr. Newman written this, what a clamour would have been raised! And, at the same time, the scrupulous law-officer of a no-Popery government vindicated his right to be considered a good anti-Popery man, by imputing to Catholics a readiness to commit perjury "for the glory of God and the honour of the Church;" and to the inquisitors and other ecclesiastics of the Holy See a perfect capability for forgery. And lest these coarse calumnies should be deemed the ebullitions of excited advocacy, Mr. Justice Coleridge, a churchman of the high Anglo-Catholic school, grave, dignified, and solemn, lent his sanction to them all, and condescended in substance to repeat these detestable insinuations. While sentencing an alleged libeller, his lordship scrupled not to suggest that venerable ecclesiastics might be capable of conspiring to suppress the truth; and while speaking of candour and Christian kindness, he could insinuate that Catholic priests when exhorting a witness to confess the truth for the glory of God and the honour of the Church, intended to incite to perjury! What can be said more? We sum up all with the exclamation of the illustrious defendant at the commencement of the alleged libel, "Oh, the one-sidedness of Protestantism!" It was this text Dr. Newman undertook to illustrate when first he made mention of Achilli's history; and the subsequent proceedings have only multiplied the illustrations a hundredfold.

THE PRIEST AND THE PARSON.

A CONTRAST.

THERE are few words in our language, of cognate sense and once interchangeable, yet now suggesting to the English mind more distinct and opposite ideas, than those which we have placed at the head of this article—priest and parson. The parish priest is, or once was, the *persona*, the principal person, or parson, of every town and village in the land; and the term was originally intended as one of dignity and respect. By use, however, it has come to be considered rather a word of reproach, or at least of disparagement; and certainly nobody at the present day would think of using the two titles indiscriminately of one and the same person, excepting only in the

way of malicious antithesis, where it was desired to contrast the greatness of some man's pretensions with the meanness of his performances; as for instance, "Such a one claims all the powers and privileges of a priest, and is no better than a parson." Amongst ourselves, indeed, this latter word has become practically obsolete; no one ever dreams of calling a Catholic priest a parson; and until very recently the converse of this was equally true, viz. that no one ever thought of calling an Anglican parson a priest. Of late, however, there has been a change in this respect; and a few ministers of the Established Church, scattered up and down throughout the country, may now be found eagerly and even ostentatiously appropriating to themselves this coveted title, as an index of their claim to the possession of sacerdotal powers. Nevertheless the practice is as yet so extremely partial, that we feel we shall not be fairly liable to any charge of incorrectness or injustice, if in the following remarks we take the word 'priest' to mean only an ordained minister in the Catholic Church, and a 'parson' to mean only an ordained minister in the Establishment; and this without any reference to the invidious sense which modern usage may have affixed to either word, but simply considering them as words expressive of different ideas, and appropriated to different classes, which could not now therefore be interchanged without manifest impropriety. It is the same with regard to some other expressions which vary in different religious communities, and whose variations are equally significant: thus you may hear one Protestant ask of another, in a town where there are two or more places of worship belonging to the Establishment, *whose church or chapel do you go to?* and the question naturally falls into this form, because with them it is the individual minister, the *preacher*, who makes all the difference between one church and another.* Catholics, however, not recognising the pulpit as the great standard of measurement, might ask, *Where do you hear Mass?*—but the name of the priest would never be to them the distinguishing characteristic of the church. Again, members of the Establishment and other Protestants always speak of *sitting* in such or such a part of the church, whilst a Catholic would use the word *kneeling*; and the different word denotes what is also a real difference in fact. Just so we seem to recognise in the use of the words now before us—priest and parson, distributed

* We lately heard this form of speech still further improved upon, and carried to what we should conceive must be its highest degree of perfection, by a poor woman, of whom we inquired where she went to church on a Sunday, with a view of ascertaining to what "religious denomination" she belonged. She immediately replied, "Sir, *I am an unworthy partaker of Mr. B——'s table*;" naming one of the Anglican ministers of the place!

in the way we have proposed, and as universal practice prescribes—the real difference between a Catholic and a Protestant minister. The one holds a certain place in an invisible and spiritual order of things, stands between God and the people, is endowed with certain high powers, and is the dispenser of precious blessings to the children of men; and he is called by a name which belongs to this supernatural order of things, and expresses more or less distinctly the idea we have given of his character: whereas the other occupies rather a certain position in the hierarchy of this world, belongs to a certain grade of society, and so forth; and he is spoken of accordingly. However, without pursuing these etymological speculations any further, and insisting too strenuously on distinctions that may seem to some offensive, it will be agreed on all hands that there is a most real and substantial difference between a Catholic and a Protestant—what must we call them? minister or clergyman, we suppose, since there is nothing to prevent the application of these words to either class, though we must confess we have a cordial aversion to them both precisely for this very reason, because they *are* common, and so enable people to cover up and put out of sight an essential difference by means of a fallacious middle term. But let this pass. We repeat then, there is a most real and substantial difference between a Catholic and a Protestant clergyman; and we propose in the following pages to point out one striking symptom of this difference in the education and discipline which they receive in order to prepare them for their respective offices. Independently of its own intrinsic interest and importance, the subject is worth insisting upon at the present moment, were it only for the opportunity which it affords of correcting an opinion, by no means uncommon among a certain class of converts to the Catholic Church, viz. that every unmarried Anglican minister, who by God's grace becomes a Catholic, is under a kind of moral obligation immediately to commence ecclesiastical studies, and incurs a certain degree of blame if he do not persevere to the end and become a Catholic priest. We have heard language used upon this subject which really falls very little short of what we have said, though probably the speakers would have hesitated to enumerate the propositions in the broad, unqualified manner in which they have here been stated. Nevertheless, they have certainly spoken in a way that seems to indicate a very inadequate appreciation of the distance between the two classes of priests and parsons; and it is on every account desirable that this distance should not be lost sight of, or thought to be less than it really is.

We will at once proceed, therefore, to institute a com-

parison between them in this essential particular, of the education which they receive as a preparation for their respective duties. And here we are met on the very threshold of our subject by the startling phenomenon, that the Establishment has not provided and does not require, does not even seem to recognise the necessity of any education at all, properly so called; that is, of any strictly *professional* education for the clerical office. In this respect the Established Church of this country is far behind many other of the Protestant sects around her; for of these the more numerous and wealthy have built for themselves colleges in which candidates for the ministerial office receive a certain degree of special instruction and training, with a view to preparing them for their future occupation. But the clergy of the Establishment receive for the most part no such preparation at all. There are indeed certain private institutions, of recent origin, in a few dioceses, where an attempt has been made to supply this deficiency. But these are frequented but by few students, who either being impressed with a higher notion of the sacredness of their calling than was common among their forefathers, or feeling themselves to be incompetent to satisfy even the meagre requirements of an episcopal examination without some special *cramming*, voluntarily have recourse to them. There is nothing official about them, they are not the recognised ecclesiastical colleges of the Establishment; and in fact, there are none such. Putting out of sight, therefore, these and any other insignificant exceptions, the necessary antecedents of an Anglican parson may be briefly stated thus: an academical degree; personal presence at the delivery of a few theological lectures, but without any guarantee that those lectures have been even decently listened to, still less that they are thoroughly understood and remembered; testimonials of good conduct during the last three years; and to pass an examination that shall be satisfactory to the episcopal chaplain. Of these four postulates, which for the last three hundred years have been deemed abundantly sufficient to make a man competent to undertake the cure of souls in the Church of England, the first has so remote a bearing upon the end proposed, that it need not be spoken of at all; the second, which until the last few years was scarcely more than a nominal obligation, is even now utterly inadequate to any practical purpose whatever; the third is always granted, excepting in cases of very gross immorality detected by the college authorities; so that the fourth is, in fact, the only one which bears even the semblance of being a true and satisfactory test. This, too, will prove upon closer inspection to be far better in its promise than its reality; for here every

thing depends upon the taste, and fancies, and the capabilities of an individual; so that we have seen episcopal examination-papers of which a man might have answered every question, and yet have been utterly ignorant almost of the very first elements of theology; or again, which he might have been wholly unable to answer, and yet have been in every way admirably qualified to discharge all the functions of an Anglican clergyman. Hence it is far from being a strange thing in the Establishment to see a young man with the sole charge of a parish upon his hands, who but a few months ago, or even a few weeks perhaps, was a student in the university, not having yet received his academical degree; or on the other hand, there may be instances of young men taking their degrees at an unusually early age, and having plenty of time, therefore, wherein to prepare for holy orders, yet this time may be lost, or turned to very poor account, for want of any adequate and authorised direction in the way of study. We ourselves knew a case in which a person under these circumstances actually applied to his bishop, or bishop's chaplain, to mark out for him a course of theological study which might occupy him during the three years that he had to spare before he was of sufficient age to be ordained; and he received for answer the very novel and important announcement, that when he presented himself for examination to the bishop, he would be expected to display "a competent knowledge of the Bible and Prayer-book," and that he would find in the works of Pearson and Hooker much valuable information serviceable for this purpose. Truly a compendious system of theology is this; a precise and complete course of study, to propose to a young candidate for holy orders having three years of leisure, which he was willing and anxious to bestow upon a diligent preparation for what he deemed a high and holy calling. Is it to be wondered at that, under such guides as these, or rather with such an utter absence of all guidance, theology should be so little understood as it is by the great majority of English parsons? To most of them it is a science wholly unknown, and it is much if they even recognise it to be a science at all. Other things, such as logic and mathematics and history and geography, and the works of heathen poets and orators and philosophers, they have been taught carefully and scientifically; and they have obtained, it may be, a sufficiently accurate knowledge of them. But for theology, this has been left to mere chance, to the influences of home or of school associations, to their own individual researches, or to the accidental opinions and zeal of some college companion or tutor; it has never been set before them as an independent and most important

science, still less have they been required or encouraged to enter upon it as the one great study of their lives. In fact, it is not too much to say, that the education of an English clergyman differs in *nothing* from that of any other English gentleman who receives what is called "a liberal education."

This strikes one at first sight as something strange and perplexing; and if the Established Church were really what it professes to be, a religious body commissioned to teach a certain system of religious truths, it would indeed be a most extraordinary and anomalous phenomenon. It becomes perfectly natural, however, and nothing more than was reasonably to have been expected, if we look upon the Establishment (as the great majority of her members practically treat it, and as it is considered by the world at large), simply as part and parcel of the British Constitution, a particular department of the government of the country. Viewed in this light, its ministers need no special course of instruction to fit them for their office, any more than county magistrates or members of parliament require such a training; and to profess oneself a member of the Church of England is only another form of claiming the rights of British citizenship, and acknowledging the authority of Queen Victoria. A very amusing illustration of this occurred the other day, which, though rather foreign to our present subject, we cannot forbear quoting, because we do not observe that it has received elsewhere the notice which it deserves. We allude to "the interesting ceremony," as one of the popular London journals described it, "of the admission into the Christian Church of the Princess Gouramma, daughter of his Highness Prince Vere Rajunder, ex-Rajah of Coorg." The same authority went on to speak of it as "an event more than commonly satisfactory, inasmuch as it is one of the few instances on record of the abandonment of the Hindoo faith for the truths of the Christian religion." This very interesting and satisfactory ceremony, then, was the baptism of a child of eleven years of age, "the offspring of one of his Highness's favourite wives." It was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, in the private chapel of Buckingham Palace, her Majesty standing as sponsor to the child, and giving her her own name of Victoria. On this solemn occasion, the ex-Rajah, her father, took the opportunity of addressing to his daughter, "the following instruction and prayer" (we still quote from the London Journal): "My dearest daughter, endeavour to gain every day more and more the grace, and to merit the love and kindness"—of whom do our readers imagine? "of Almighty God, of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and of all the saints?" not at all, but "the grace, the love and kindness"

—“of her most gracious Majesty the Queen, that thereby all Europe, India, and the rest of the world may hear and be pleased with your good conduct and fame ! May Heaven bless you, and keep you always under its divine protection and special care ! This is my advice to you, my dearest daughter, and my most earnest prayer to the Almighty in your behalf.” Probably our readers will agree with us in thinking that this reads far more like an abandonment of the Coorg country for the security and distinction of an English home, than an “abandonment of the Hindoo faith for the truths of the Christian religion ;” and that there can be no great necessity for any special theological education for the ministers of a religion of which “her most gracious Majesty the Queen” is so thoroughly and exclusively the head. But to return to our subject. We have said, that clergymen of the Church of England do not in fact receive *any* professional education at all ; let us look now at the other side of the picture, and see what is the education of a Catholic priest. Even from the very first, as soon as the friends of a youth have determined on bringing him up as an ecclesiastic, he is (in a Catholic country) sent to a school specially set apart for the purpose ; the little seminary, or minor college of the bishop of his diocese. Here he remains for six or seven years, engaged in the same studies as other boys of his age elsewhere, receiving in fact an ordinary classical education ; but with this great difference, that he is already surrounded by an ecclesiastical atmosphere, so to speak.

“The bishops pay great attention to this minor college,” writes an English resident in Belgium.* “Our own bishop visits his, which is situated at Roulers, every month for the purpose of examination, which is carried on in the presence of persons invited for the occasion, and trifling rewards and honours are bestowed upon the most meritorious. Here the personal character of each child is thoroughly studied, and a discreet judgment exercised as to who among them shall be presented for examination and consequent admission into the great college, where only such as are thought really fit to persevere in their preparation for holy orders can be received. Students once admitted into the great college are immediately subjected to a life of holy training and discipline, with the intent of weaning them from a world to which they have bid adieu from the moment they determined to become priests of God.”

[Hence, we may observe by the way, that feature in the character of the ecclesiastical student which excited so much surprise in Sir Francis Head in his recent visit to Maynooth :

* What follows is quoted from an unpublished letter by the author of the spirited *Sketches of Catholic Life in Belgium*, originally addressed to an Anglican clergyman, but containing so accurate and pleasing an account of the subject of which it treats, that we cannot do better than print it at length.

“They were more serious and taciturn than I had thought it possible for young persons of their age to be.”]

“The great college is usually situated near the bishop’s residence and near the cathedral, every bishop having such a college in conformity with the decrees of the Council of Trent. Before that time, bishops used to educate youths destined for ordination under their own roof. So zealous is our Holy Mother the Church to guard her priesthood from the contamination of a ‘world lying in sin.’ The episcopal college is governed by learned priests, acting in the bishop’s name; but apartments are also reserved there for the bishop himself, who visits it very frequently. In this diocese he gives the collegians a conference every Sunday. The period of residence for every student is six years. During the first year he continues his course of philosophy, to which is added the study of the sacred Scriptures and a course of dogmatical theology. During the remaining years his time is occupied with the sacred Scriptures, with moral and dogmatical theology, and canon law. Thus, the education of a youth destined for the service of the altar occupies altogether a period of thirteen years, of which about one-half is strictly and immediately *professional*. Moreover, any youth who is distinguished for remarkable talent is often sent by the bishop to the university of Louvain, to continue these studies still further in one or other branch of the ecclesiastical sciences; and here he takes academical degrees.

“The great business, however, of the Catholic college is not instruction alone, but education for the state of life to which the collegians are looking forward to be called, namely, a life of entire yielding up of themselves to God, an utter renunciation of the world, not in name only, but verily and indeed and in act, to renounce its pomps, its vanities, its riches, its honours, its luxuries, and even its more innocent gratifications. To this end, even before a youth has set his foot beneath the college roof, he has been duly instructed that he is to consider himself as dead to every thing beyond its separating walls. Henceforth he must renounce every gratification of the flesh. His food will be of the plainest kind, and taken only at stated intervals. Unless in case of illness, every student, no matter what his worldly rank may be, is subjected to the discipline of the common hall, and must content himself with each day’s general provision. No jovial college wine or supper parties in his own private rooms will dissipate his mind and drive his studies to distraction. There is one uniform dress for all, and that strictly clerical; not the light robe thrown over the ordinary dress of your University gownsmen, and which, if frolic or disguise be wished, can be easily dismissed and disposed of, but the closely-buttoned cassock and girdle, black stockings, and thick leather shoes. On his head, without doors, the broad clerical hat; and within, or when walking in the corridors of the college, the baretta, as used by priests in the church, or the neat little *solli Deo*. Here no silk gown or golden tassel distinguishes one student from another; but one common father is acknowledged

by all, and this father is the bishop. In his eyes all are equal, and all are treated equally; with equal love, and with equal vigilance and strictness of discipline. Here the parental wealth is never dissipated. If a young collegian writes home for some trifling addition to his supplies, it is to aid a charity towards which the college is called upon to contribute, or to add some volume to his library. This is the only point where penury really makes itself felt to a Catholic ecclesiastical student, when some coveted book must needs be resigned for want of funds. But instead of these general statements, let me lay before you a brief outline of a young Belgian collegian's day; and you will then be better able to judge of the state of heart and mind which such a routine is calculated to produce during six years of uninterrupted regularity.

DAILY RULES OF A BELGIAN SEMINARY.

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| 4 $\frac{1}{2}$. Rise. In winter, half an hour later. | sed Sacrament, and short examination of conscience, in the chapel. |
| 5. Morning prayers and meditation. | 12. Recreation. [†] |
| 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. Mass. After Mass, chapter in New Testament, and study preparatory for lecture. | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$. Spiritual reading. |
| 7 $\frac{1}{2}$. Breakfast. | 2. Study in private. |
| 8. Lecture. | 2 $\frac{3}{4}$. Recreation. [§] |
| 9. Study of lecture in private. | 3. Lecture. |
| 10. Recreation.* | 4. Recreation. |
| 10 $\frac{1}{2}$. Lesson in singing. | 5. Study in private. |
| 10 $\frac{3}{4}$. Lecture. | 6 $\frac{1}{2}$. Reading the Old Testament. |
| 11 $\frac{1}{2}$. Dinner; [†] an affair of 20 minutes, to secure more time for recreation. After dinner, adoration of the Blessed | 6 $\frac{3}{4}$. Rosary. |
| | 7. Supper. After supper, recreation. |
| | 8 $\frac{1}{2}$. Evening prayers, and preparation for the morning's meditation. |
| | 9. Each to his sleeping-room. |

* Recreation consists in walking in the college grounds, either conversing with one another, or (if in sub-deacon's or deacon's orders) saying office.

† During dinner one student reads aloud; the rest keep silence. The peace and quiet of this arrangement is said by collegians to be very agreeable. The students dine alone; but a professor is frequently walking about the hall. Texts of Scripture are around the walls of the refectory: "The kingdom of God is not in meat and drink;" "Brethren, be ye sober," &c. &c.

‡ Those who choose may now take coffee, which is purchased from the college servants (always men-servants). They take it in another room, forming themselves into little parties, one or another whose festival it is treating a certain number of his chums. Always much mirth at coffee-time. Most students pass a certain portion of this time in the chapel before the Holy Sacrament.

§ On walking days this recreation lasts till 5. The students may either walk in the town, making their little purchases, or may visit some priest or library. Walking days twice a week. No student is allowed to walk in public with ladies, that is, not with his own mother or sisters, or other relatives; of course they could not have the opportunity with any other. They wear the dress of the clergy, and must therefore observe its decorum, and strangers could not distinguish that it was a mother or sister who accompanied them.

|| Each has his own private sleeping-room. The students may sit up for half

“The students go to confession ordinarily once a week, and once, twice, or thrice a week to Holy Communion, according to their devotion. Their books of devotion are chiefly Rodriguez's *Christian Perfection*, Thomas à Kempis, and St. Francis of Sales' *Introduction to a Devout Life*. The young collegians are much practised in preaching, each in his turn, on Sundays before their fellow-students, who are all Scribes and Pharisees to criticise them. They have also to give catechisms, as if to children, walking up and down amidst their fellow-collegians, who, I need hardly say, are far from sparing them. On Sundays, however, nearly every collegian has a real catechism in some church or school in the town. All must be present at the Sunday conference, which, if the bishop is unavoidably absent, is given by the principal of the college. The professors,—canons or others, chosen by the bishop,—reside in the college. Each professor has his own subject, and gives one lecture a day. They are sometimes members of the bishop's council; but even if they are not, all difficult questions are usually brought to them, so that they are necessarily men of learning and of study. They dine together every day, and reading aloud goes on during the meal, just as among the students; and this is not changed, even when they happen to have any friends dining with them.

“The students visit their homes for several weeks during the vacation, where their conduct is most scrupulously decorous; for on their return to college they must take a testimonial from the parish priest as to their frequentation of the sacraments, their manner of life, &c.

“Such, then, is the life of an ecclesiastical student in Belgium, until at the age of twenty-three they are ordained deacons, and at twenty-four, priests. I seem already to hear your exclamation, ‘How hard a life! how cruel to condemn a community of youths in the bloom and vigour of their age, in the spring-tide of their existence, to a life so mortified, so prohibitory of every thing that can embellish and gladden existence!’ But you would not speak thus, if ever you should have an opportunity of visiting and examining for yourself a Catholic college; there you would soon learn that this strictly regulated life neither produces melancholy nor diminishes enjoyment; you would find a band of youths in the full possession of the most vigorous health, unbroken by midnight revels, or daily feasting, or the pursuit of violent sports, or the burning of ambition, yet enthusiastically engaged in the very deepest studies. All here is calm, yet fervid; peaceful, yet excited under due regulation. Gladdened by the merest trifle, from the buoyancy of their own innocent hearts, yet sobered by the constant contact with the most sacred of divine mysteries.

“But then there is the resignation of domestic ties, their joys and endearments, and this by an irrevocable vow; and you ask, what compensation is there for this tremendous lifelong sacrifice? I can only answer by asking in my turn, whether it ought to be considered an hour; but after half-past 9 no light is allowed. Every window of the college is darkened in an instant.

dered so very hard to give up all for God, when in stead of these it is Himself that He offers. Is it strange that some pure and loving souls should give up the uncertain and changeful phases of a creature's affections for the certain and satisfying love of Christ? of Him who has declared His delight to be with the sons of men? Is it strange that Christ should have taught His Church to select every where a company of the most loving, most tender, most fervent spirits, should separate them from every earthly tie to fulfil the direction of Holy Writ, and, 'forsaking all,' to follow Him and to dwell with Him?

"But you think that the clergy are forced into choosing this celibate and separated life, before they have had sufficient opportunity of knowing what they are about. It is in this that so many Protestants mistake us wholly; their ignorance leads them into the strangest errors. Almost from the earliest years of a child's life, it is often traceable whether or not he has a vocation to the priestly state. 'Would you like to be a priest?' I inquired the other day of an ingenuous little fellow with whom I was having some serious conversation. 'Oh, to be a priest, you know, I must have the vocation. Boys whom God destines to the priesthood are always saying their prayers, and all that sort of thing.' I do not think I can give you a better idea of a child destined to the priesthood than is contained in this answer. I am not now speaking of those who make choice of the priestly state late in life, because these (it is allowed on all hands) have age and power to choose for themselves. But I am speaking of those who are trained to the priesthood from the very first; and I say, that in these cases it is very commonly the child himself who overcomes the parent, and struggling against all difficulties succeeds in getting himself entered on the college-lists only after the most earnest and persevering entreaties. When once within the walls, he learns exactly what will be required of him, should he continue in his determination. All the many years before ordination are so many years of probation, during which he may return to society and to the world, if he will, and during which his ecclesiastical superiors would not hesitate to dismiss him if they were not thoroughly satisfied that he had a real vocation to the priesthood. And after all, is it so very hard to believe that Almighty God should be Himself the most perfect and only sufficient object of those affections which He has implanted within the breast of man, and that He should in certain chosen persons anticipate all alienation and defilement of those affections by securing them for ever to Himself?"

But the contrast between a Catholic priest and an Anglican parson does not end here; it is not merely that the one undergoes a long and careful course of instruction and discipline to fit him for the duties of his calling, whilst the other goes out into the world without any special preparation at all; it is not merely that the one presents us with a living example of obedience to the Divine counsels in forsaking all to follow Christ, whereas the other differs not at all in these matters

from the great mass of the world around him ; but the whole life of a Catholic priest has a stamp or seal of hardness, of simplicity, and of self-denial, set upon it from beginning to end, which is utterly lacking in the lives of those who are sometimes called his "brother clergymen." An Anglican parson once ordained, and having completed the two years of his apprenticeship, as we may call it, that is, the two years during which he is obliged to remain in *one* place and to serve *one* master for the sake of obtaining a title, is afterwards a free man. He cannot indeed forsake his *profession* and adopt another in its stead ; this the laws forbid, because they have retained the Catholic verity of the indelibility of holy orders, and apply it to those upon whom Anglican bishops have laid their hands ; but every thing short of this is within his reach. Should his clerical duties be distasteful to him, and his worldly means render him independent of the necessity of working for his daily bread, he may lay aside the conventional insignia of his cloth, and become a country squire and county magistrate, without so much as the shadow of a bond upon him to remind him of the sacred character with which he once supposed himself to be invested ; or in cases where circumstances render this complete transformation impossible, yet there is nothing to prevent a constant migration from one part of the country to another, from "one sphere of usefulness" to another, according as convenience, or mere whim and caprice, may dictate. He is his own master, and may consult his own taste and desires almost more freely than the member of any other profession whatever. There are certain hebdomadal claims upon his time and services, but this is all ; in other respects he is almost absolutely unfettered ; and this complete emancipation dates, as we have said, from the expiration of two years after his ordination, and there is no limit to it beyond those which his own means, or rather his want of means, may impose upon him. How different from all this is the life of a Catholic priest in a country where the Church is free to follow out her own plans and systems in the way that she deems best for the spiritual welfare of her children ! She does not dream of the education of her clergy being finished as soon as their hands have been anointed with the holy oil and their heads have received "the laying on of hands ;" on the contrary, let us look again at the picture presented to us by our Belgian correspondent, and mark the contrast.

"The dim and distant idea which a Protestant has of the apostolic life is realised and brought distinctly into view, as it were, by our young collegians, when they have been ordained priests and come

out among us. They go 'whithersoever' they are 'sent.' No one chooses his destination, neither the place he will go to, nor the work he will be employed upon. He simply obeys, and goes where he is appointed by the bishop. According to the offices to which they are found most suited, and the places where they are most needed, they are made use of; very commonly in teaching among the various colleges instituted in different towns of the diocese, where children destined to the world, to some profession, or to commerce, are receiving their education, and which colleges, up to this time, have been conducted by priests. If employed in this capacity, they receive as a remuneration a very moderate salary, just enough to supply them with necessaries. Mr. Allies seemed to catch the spirit of the Church even before his long-prayed-for conversion, when, describing the French clergy engaged in this work, he says: 'They seem to have their daily life supported by a spring of charity in themselves; and the great self-denial which accompanies it seems borne as if no weight at all, for they look for the recompense of the reward. During the five days we passed at Ivetot, we remarked to each other, again and again, the atmosphere of fraternal charity which all seemed to breathe. There was no looking for success in the world, no thought of gaining wealth; but the one thing in view was to train the children committed to them as members of Christ and heirs of His kingdom. This one thought pervaded all their actions.' (*Journal*, p. 179.)

"The head of each of these local colleges is called the Principal; and to him is confided the superintendence of these young clerical teachers, for they may almost still be considered *in statu pupillari*. Their conduct is most reserved, and their manner of living strictly private; appearing only before the public to say their Mass in Church in the early morning; at other times with their pupils at the Church services, or accompanying them for a walk, where the frank and familiar communication kept up between them and their scholars is a very pleasing sight, shewing how much they are beloved, and how truly they rule and are obeyed in a spirit of love and reverence.

"The greatest opportunity which the public has of becoming acquainted with the younger clergy is when they are sent to assist some sick or aged priest as coadjutors. The young coadjutor lives with the priest he comes to serve, as a son with a father, enjoying the advantage of his guidance, counsel, and superintendence, yet being necessarily entrusted with the care of many things in which he must exercise his own judgment and discretion; the Church thus gently trying her young clergy as the young eaglets are tried by the parent bird, who bears them up on her wings to the height she believes them capable of flying, and then gliding from beneath them, watches them still, as they try their own strength in flight. It would detain you too long, were I to trace every detail of the life of our young priesthood. Suffice it to say, that it is passed in a daily sacrifice of self, a constant readiness to be at the bidding of the sick and the sorrowful, mingling seasons of devotion with seasons of study; never

mixing in worldly society, but seeking recreation among his fellow-priests; shunning every occasion which might lead into temptation; as an old priest once said to me, 'When we first leave college, we dare not look to the right or left, lest we should meet with temptation to sin, in a world whose wickedness we know of, and know also our own strength untried.' At the death, or upon the recovery of one priest, the coadjutor is sent to another, not knowing where his destination may be, until he receives his letters from the bishop.

"The next step of preferment is the being appointed as vicar, or as you in England are accustomed to understand the function, *a curate*, perhaps in a village where the rector has only one such assistant, perhaps in a town where there are several. When a young priest becomes vicar or curate, he enters comparatively on a state of independence; has a home of his own, and perhaps lives alone. Thus he is not intrusted with this state of life till he has given proof that he is qualified to make a good use of it. It is a calm and peaceful life; for the rector (or *curé*) is the responsible person, and the vicar is consequently very much at his ease. He celebrates his Mass early in the morning, the *curé* celebrates later; and on Sundays it is the *curé* who must sing the late high Mass, the vicar celebrating the first or early Mass, thus avoiding the inconvenience of fasting till noon. It is his duty to teach the catechism on Sundays, to baptise, to assist in visiting the sick, and in the confessional, and to preach on lesser festivals. All this while he is still under the superintendence of his rector, who reports of him to the bishop. Moreover, he must attend the bishop's examination every year, or every two years, according as he has more or less satisfied in his first examination. The course for examination is given out by the bishop at the beginning of the year, and the synodal examiners are five, besides the bishop. I subjoin, by way of specimen, the matter for examination for the past year.

Ex Scriptura Sacra.—1. Liber iv. Regum collatus cum Lib. ii. Paralip.; Libri Esdræ et Tobiae; Psalm. lxxxi. ad cxvii.; Sapientia et Ezechiel. 2. Quinquaginta posteriora capita Concordiæ Evangelicæ; Epist. S. Pauli ad Hebræos, S. Jacobi et S. Petri. 3. Cap. viii. ad xiv. Analogiæ Becani.

Ex Theologia.—Tractatus comprehensi Tomis ii. et v. Theologiæ P. Dens, editionis anni 1830.

Ex jure Canonico et Historia Ecclesiastica.—1. Tit. iv. libri i. et tit. ii. libri ii. usque ad sect. iv. Institutionum canonicarum J. Devoti. 2. Sæcula viii. et ix. Ecclesiæ.

NOTA. Rubricæ Missalis et Breviarii, Statuta et Pastorale Dioceseos, Tractatus de Casibus in hac Diocesi reservatis, et Instructiones Confessariorum et Concionatorum quotannis in Examine recurrunt.

Confessarii, quorum jurisdictio ad biennium prorogata est, interrogabuntur circa utriusque anni materiam.'

"A vicar has only jurisdiction granted for a limited time, which is long or short, according as he has studied well or ill. Sometimes he has only six months granted him, or three, or even only six weeks;

at the end of which periods he must attend the bishop's council, which is held every Wednesday. Even when he has been ten years in service, he must attend *concurus* every year till he become a rector. In *concurus* he is examined in every matter requisite for a priest to know.

"If I select one for description from among our vicars, it is to render my remarks less tedious, by not being too general, not because one is greatly different from another, among a body pre-eminently holy, learned, and amiable. The vicar I take for description is numbered with the dead, perhaps a saint in Heaven. His studious and retired life, his deep devotion, his meekness under injuries, were a lovely personification of a Belgian vicar's life. At early dawn he was in the church, waiting on the duties of the confessional, and if not required in these, reciting his office, or making his meditation before his Mass, which he celebrated at six o'clock. On retiring from the church, his morning was devoted to study, amidst his small but well-chosen library. His simple dinner, at noon, was occasionally partaken by a friend, but he rarely indulged in their society after two o'clock. His duty was then to visit the sick, where his tender sympathy and unwearied kindness were anxiously awaited. Every thing was sacrificed to their indulgence. It was useless to present him with any delicacy for his own table; he never tasted them; they were always carried to the sick; and I have known him even rob himself of portions of his clothing, in order to warm and comfort them. His moments of recreation were usually given to a private printing-press, where he amused himself with printing some prayer or pious sentence for distribution among his friends, or lessons for his catechism-children, having in view a scheme of usefulness in this occupation, which he did not live to accomplish. At length the typhus visited his parish; his constant attendance at the sick-beds of his flock caused him to take the fatal malady, and he was called home, in the prime of his days, to the bosom of that God with Whom he had so often expressed his longing to dwell.

"After having been tried and proved by the various gradations which I have described, a Belgian priest is considered fit to be intrusted with the entire care of a parish as *curé*; though very many, it must be remembered, are never promoted beyond the office of vicar. A very large proportion of *curés* are placed in country parishes, Belgium being happily subdivided into an infinity of small villages, numbering only so many as can be comprehended under the superintendence of one or two priests, a *curé* alone, or a *curé* and vicar. They are universally respected, as they deserve to be; every parishioner looking up to them for guidance and counsel. The *curé's* word is generally law. As a jocose friend of ours remarks, 'They are absolute kings,' each in the little village committed to his charge. They do indeed reign absolutely in the hearts of their people. Their education, as I have shewn you, has caused it to become second nature in them to pass their time in seclusion and prayer and study, when not occupied in their active duties; but should any priest be

otherwise disposed, he is under the strictest obligation to abstain from indulging his inclination. He may not mix freely in general society without becoming irregular. He may not enter a theatre, nor be present where there is dancing, nor at marriage festivals; and even short of these things, which are positively forbidden, should any priest manifest too great a fondness for mixed secular society, he would in this country be considered as derogating from the dignity of the sacerdotal character, the respect of his fellow-priests would diminish, and sooner or later the bishop is sure to be informed of it; whereupon the offending ecclesiastic is quickly called to order, and most commonly removed to some other cure, where he would not be exposed to the same temptations. The parish duties of a curé are frequently very onerous. The greatest part of the work of the confessional falls to his share. He it is who performs the services for funerals, which keep him fasting till noon, or later. To him falls most of the duty of receiving the parishioners on business, or when they need counsel or advice. He visits the larger proportion of the sick, has frequent catechisms, and prepares the children for first communion, besides preaching and holding theological conferences with his brother priests. If, however, a curé is placed in a small parish where the work is light, the bishop appoints him to some other work, such as inspector of schools, &c.; never allowing his clergy to lack employment, lest idleness should prove the parent of many evils. In towns, the office of curé is not unfrequently connected with that of dean, which is a post of great importance; for the dean has the care of every priest in the deanery, and, indeed, I might almost say, of every layman too; for any one is at liberty to go and consult the dean, or to carry to him any cause of complaint, should he think that he has any against his own curé. Lastly, every curé is visited once in four years by his bishop, who coming thus periodically to hold confirmation, employs that opportunity to give his personal inspection of every thing regarding the church and its pastor."

Such is the education and the life of a Catholic priest on the other side of the water, in a country where the number of labourers is more than sufficient to cope with the abundance of the harvest; and though in our own country, where there are always more calls for clergy than there are clergy to answer the calls, much of this lengthened gradation of preparatory proofs and labours is necessarily abridged, though it is simply impossible that the Church in England should exercise the same untiring zeal and patience in trying and re-trying every instrument that she uses, so as to temper it to the very highest degree of attainable perfection before she actually applies it to the purpose for which it is intended; still her labours are always animated by the same spirit; she carefully dispenses the limited resources within her reach, with a view to obtaining the same

results; and by the help of God's grace co-operating with her, the same results are actually obtained. The English Catholic clergy of the last generation, who had been educated for the most part in foreign colleges, have been eloquently described by the highest authority in our Church as men who "concealed under a homely garb hearts worthy of the ancient confessors, men who had ripened, often within a rough exterior, the rich mellow fruits of a charity tender and heroic; men whose virtues were those of the olden Church, a zeal indefatigable, a spirit unconquerable, a trust in Providence unlimited, a disinterestedness impregnable, a character unsullied, a life unstained." On the other hand, those who are most familiar with the chief of those establishments which have now taken the place of the foreign seminaries, bear testimony to the admirable spirit by which they are animated; the spirit of zeal and self-denying devotion with which the students are taught to prepare themselves for that most arduous and holy state which they have embraced, and the eagerness with which they are looking forward to a practical acquaintance with all its toils and hardships; toils and hardships which as far surpass any that are dreamed of by a young Oxford student "about to take orders," as the difficulties and perils of guiding a ship across the broad Atlantic exceed those of ferrying a boat across some narrow inland stream. It is not our intention to pursue this subject any further into details at present; it is obvious, however, to remark, that the very idea of toils and hardships in connexion with the life of an English clergyman seems almost absurd and out of place; "parsonage-houses and pony-carriages" supply a far more natural and probable association; whereas the thought of a Catholic priest, especially in one of our large towns, necessarily brings before the mind a picture the very reverse of what the world would call comfortable and inviting; "the certainty of daily fatigue and the uncertainty of nightly rest; the hourly pressure of urgent duties not to be delayed, and the sure recurrence of periods of extraordinary exertion, whether weekly or monthly; the public offices of the Church, and the private claims of the confessional and sick-chamber; the infirmary and the poor-house, the school and the gaol, the hovel and the cellar; hours spent in pestilential atmospheres, nights passed in hanging over squalid misery aggravated by disease; obligations towards the new-born and the dying, the living and the dead; and all this without intermission, almost without remission or relaxation, year after year, to the very end of life."

MEDIÆVAL GAMES AND FESTIVALS.

FROM the earliest periods to which the records of history extend, the practice of celebrating public games and festivals has been common to all nations, having been instituted either in commemoration of some remarkable event in the history of the people, or as a means of providing them with recreation, or, in some instances, as a means of accustoming the youthful portion of the male population to the use of arms. Modern civilisation, in taking away what was barbarous in these celebrations, has also for the most part so completely removed what was innocent and harmless, that it is with difficulty any traces or particulars of them can now be discovered, save only in the pages of the ancient historians. The study of them, however, is so far interesting and instructive, as that it will almost uniformly be found that they were in unison with the manners and condition of the nation, and served as expressions and indications of their social and religious habits, dispositions, belief, and passions, at the date of their establishment. Thus the ancient Greeks, being more advanced in civilisation, mixed with the courses of the chariot-race the recitation of the works of Pindar and Herodotus; while, on the other hand, the games practised by the Romans were demonstrative of their less refined and more martial character, consisting chiefly of bloody encounters of hired gladiators and captive beasts of prey. In the breasts of the people of the middle ages, passing, as they were, from out of a state of barbarism, fierceness of mind and love of glory, mixed with a veneration for sacred things, burnt with almost equal strength; to which may be added also those feelings which were the natural result of increasing civilisation, a love of pleasure, luxury, and ambition. All of these, then, were conspicuous in the nature of the games and festivals which they so plentifully celebrated. On the present occasion we propose placing before our readers some details of these festivals, as they were kept during the middle ages, especially in Italy; and in order to do so with more perspicuity and order, we shall class them according to the motives that may be considered to have given rise to them: such as the warlike feelings of the people and the desire of accustoming the youths to the use of arms, the spirit of religion, the love of display, or the wish to transmit to posterity the memory of some great event. And although we shall find that some of these games degenerated from their original intention and led to unlooked-for abuses and evils, yet many others will appear worthy of commendation, as encouraging

kind and social feelings, exciting the affluent to generosity, and promoting mutual good-will and charity.

At the period when, in consequence of the declining strength of the governing power, the cities of Upper Italy had succeeded in shaking off the yoke of the stranger, and establishing their liberty under the form of a municipal government, they were naturally thrown upon their own resources for the means of maintaining their newly-acquired freedom. The practice of keeping on foot standing armies, or of engaging *condottieri* or hired troops, being in those days unknown, the force which each city possessed, either for its own defence or to be used for the purpose of aggression, was of necessity drawn entirely from its own citizens; and although upon great national questions, as in the case of a threatened invasion from some powerful neighbour, a general combination of the several forces took place, the common army was nevertheless composed altogether of the several contributions of armed citizens furnished respectively by the various towns forming the league. It became therefore an object of the first importance to accustom the younger portion of the inhabitants to the use of arms, and exercise them in the rudiments of military life; and accordingly we find, throughout all the municipal cities of Italy, that it was the custom to divide the citizens into two bodies, who on appointed days used to assemble with their arms and banners on some spot outside the city-walls to be exercised in martial accomplishments; and the day generally terminated in a mock fight between the two bodies. When first this practice was begun, the arms employed were manufactured of wood only, in order to prevent any ill effects which might arise from the heated passions of those engaged. In Siena the use of clubs and stones was allowed until the year 1291, when, in consequence of some disturbances which arose, the use of those weapons was for the future prohibited, and the combatants were permitted to make use only of their fists; and hence the accomplishment of boxing, which up to that period had been considered as peculiar to the English, was first introduced among the Sienese. At Venice, whose power had been chiefly effected by her naval superiority, the games were naturally of a more mixed character. Thus we find that on certain days the youths of the city were accustomed to proceed in galleys, manned by thirty rowers, to the Lido, where, with hands but just freed from the oar, they practised themselves with the use of the cross-bow. At Pisa the inhabitants were divided into a number of separate bodies, corresponding to the number of the city-gates; and these were accustomed to assemble on stated occasions, and exercise themselves in all the

evolutions incident to a battle. The practice continued in this city until comparatively recent times; but the original intention had been long forgotten, and abuses of a serious and dangerous nature substituted in its stead. The youths of the different quarters used to come fully armed and prepared for a serious encounter, excited thereto by the jealousies and heartburnings which have ever proved the bane of the Italian nation; and it required strong efforts and stringent laws on the part of the government before the evil could be altogether subdued.

The same desire of habituating the people to the use of arms induced the formation of the *élite* of the youth into troops of cavalry, and the frequent exercising them in feats of equestrian skill and activity, which were exhibited on grand occasions as a means of paying particular honour to illustrious visitors. Thus when Charles Count of Provence visited Rome in 1265, the youth of the city went forth to meet him, and forming in front, preceded the procession on its way to the city; but in order to amuse their noble visitor, while still upon the road, at one moment they put their horses to full speed, at another they formed in rank and moved forward with measured steps; then dividing, they again united from opposite sides, and with spears raised and crossed, formed a species of triumphal arch, together with many other feats of horsemanship equally graceful and entertaining.

Very shortly, however, there arose the feeling of ambition natural to these exercises. The young men became desirous of measuring their skill with that of the inhabitants of some neighbouring city; and the gratification of this feeling gave rise to new festivals of a more splendid kind. A day was fixed upon which the trial of skill should take place—a solemn festival was proclaimed—public notice and invitations were forwarded throughout the country, and champions from all parts eagerly flocked to the summons, anxious to display their own proficiency and to maintain the reputation of their respective cities. On an open space, surrounded by admiring crowds arrayed in their gayest costumes, the several competitors exerted their utmost skill, and the beating hearts and cheering voices of the spectators, as alternate fortune smiled or frowned upon their favourite champion, told how deep was the interest they took in the combat. These encounters were at times productive of much ill will between the neighbouring towns, as in the case of the inhabitants of Cremona and Piacenza, where the combatants were not separated until much blood had been shed. Spite of this drawback, however, the main objects of their institution were certainly effected; for in a very short time the smaller cities were enabled to send forth

armies extremely numerous in proportion to the strength of their population; and it was with citizen troops thus disciplined that the Lombard cities, after much perseverance and many reverses, were enabled finally to win their freedom upon the hard-fought field of Lignano.

Tournaments and jousts also belong to this class of festivals, and were frequently celebrated with great magnificence, especially in the kingdom of Naples, where the sovereigns, both German and French, were great promoters of them. Indeed, to such an excess was this mania indulged by Charles of Anjou, that it drew upon him the severe censure and remonstrance of his brother the king of France. As the nature of these amusements is well known, and they differed but little throughout the various countries of Europe, we shall here pass them by without comment, mentioning only one of unusual splendour at Venice, on occasion of the visit of Otto II. in 998, in which a beauteous maiden named Camilla, with a dower of 2000 ducats, was to be the reward of the victor! The great cost of these entertainments necessarily rendered their celebration less frequent, and caused them to be confined to the courts of princes, or the palaces of more wealthy subjects. Games of a less expensive and more popular character were commanded by law to be observed in almost every city; such as races, both pedestrian and equestrian. By the statutes of Ferrara, 1279, it was directed that the Festa of S. Giorgio should annually be commemorated by horse-races. By the statutes of Modena, 1327, the Feast of S. Michael was ordered to be similarly celebrated; in Pavia, it was the anniversary of the translation of San Siro; and in each town its principal holiday. The mode of conducting these races, however, differed not a little from that of modern times. The prizes appear to have been exposed to public view, at a given distance from the point of departure; and whichever of the competitors was fortunate enough first to pass, seized and retained possession of it as a reward of his superior skill. And then, what *were* these prizes? Occasionally we read of the very appropriate prize of a nag; but more commonly they were such as a man of the turf of the present day—a winner of the Derby, for instance—would view with feelings of ill-suppressed disgust: a few yards of cloth, a young pig, or perhaps a fine game-cock: "*Ut equi currant ad scarletum (sex brachia de scarleto), et ad porchetam et gal-lum, secundum consuetudinem.*" In cities situated near a river, such as Pavia, there was a popular amusement established for the special recreation of the boatmen, that they might have an opportunity of displaying their skill in aquatic exercises. This amusement was known by the name of "pluck-

ing off the duck's head," and was conducted in the following manner: On either side of the Ticino, near the bridge, was placed a barge, to the masts of which was attached a cord, crossing the river; to this were fastened by the legs several ducks, as also prizes of a more substantial kind—kegs of wine, and other similar trifles. As soon as day had dawned on the morning of the festival, numerous bodies of the mariners, clothed in white breeches and waistcoats, with a scarf of variegated colours fastened round their waists, and garlands of flowers on their heads, preceded by bands of music, perambulated the streets of the city, accompanied by vast numbers of the citizens. The entertainment, however, did not really begin until the evening. The banks of the river were then lined with spectators, and the sound of music from the barges gave notice that the games were about to commence. The boatmen might now be seen stationing themselves upon the highest point of the bridge, which arose to the height of sixty-five feet above the river; and presently one of them, having first recommended his soul to God, precipitated himself into the water. The breathless silence maintained by the beholders evinced their anxiety for his fate. At length, however, this painful silence was broken by the loud shouts which greeted the adventurous mariner as he arose at some considerable distance down the river; a small boat was there in readiness to receive him, and this quickly descended with the stream until it reached the spot where the rope was stretched across the river. Upon reaching this point the mariner stood up, and, springing from the boat, which seemed immediately to fly, as it were, from below his feet, he seized one of the ducks by the neck, and remained suspended in the air till he had succeeded in wringing off the head of the unfortunate bird. Then he fell into the water, and again found shelter in the friendly boat; and this was repeated until each candidate had had an opportunity of exhibiting his skill. It sometimes happened, however, that these festivities were attended with melancholy results; as, for instance, in the games that were celebrated by the city of Florence, in the year 1304, on the occasion of the return of Cardinal Nicolo Albertino di Prato, who had left the city in the previous year because he could not reconcile the adverse factions by which it was divided. The people were anxious to celebrate this event with peculiar honour; and among other devices, the inhabitants of the Borgo San Friano issued a notice, that whoever might be anxious to gain intelligence of the other world should attend on a given day upon the Carrega bridge. At the appointed time, a representation of the infernal regions appeared upon the river,

supported by boats and rafts, on which were men disguised as demons, who were seen inflicting various kinds of torture upon the souls of the departed, whom they held in their arms, uttering at the same time the most horrible and deafening cries. To witness this dreadful sight thousands of the citizens had flocked to the bridge, which, being constructed of wood only, was unable to support the unaccustomed weight, and gave way in several places at once, whereby many persons were killed or drowned, and a still larger number seriously injured; so that, as the old chronicler quaintly observes, what commenced in joke terminated in earnest, and the invitation to obtain knowledge of the other world was in many instances literally fulfilled.

It was customary for the country people of the neighbourhood of Venice, and also for strangers from a distance, to flock in great multitudes to the festivals that were celebrated in that city, being incited thereto, not only by natural curiosity and love of gaiety, but also by the many indulgences with which different Popes had enriched the church of S. Marco. The senate, which always had an active eye to their own interests, quickly turned this religious feeling to the benefit of the city by establishing a fair in the year 1180, at which not only all description of business was transacted, and merchants and artists from foreign lands met, but many games were celebrated for the amusement of the assembled crowd. Among all, however, no one festival seems to have created greater interest, or to have been looked forward to with more impatience and anxiety, especially by the female portion of the population, than the Feast of the Ascension, and for a most singular reason. On the morning of that day, a figure of a female, something perhaps resembling those which may now be seen in the shops of the modern *modiste*, was placed with much ceremony in the most conspicuous part of the city, and the mode in which the hair of this figure was dressed served as a model for the fashion of the fair Venetians for the ensuing year. Who the designer was, the Italian writers do not inform us, whether it was the production of a committee of taste, or the sole invention of some Venetian Truefit or Isidore, we know not; all we are told is, that as soon as it was known that the figure had been duly enthroned, the whole city was in a state of commotion. Persons of both sexes (for the men appear to have had their full share of curiosity), of all ranks and conditions, rushed in impatient crowds to behold the arbiter of fashion; and the members of that sex for whose peculiar edification it had been exhibited, lost no time in equipping themselves according to the new mode. The joy was universal,

and it found expression in singing, dancing, and laughing, and the festivities of the evening concluded with universal banqueting. This exhibition has now entirely disappeared, we believe; others, however, which have been equally discontinued, have yet left some faint trace of themselves behind them. Whoever has visited Venice cannot have failed, for instance, to remark the numerous flocks of pigeons which are continually to be seen upon the Piazza of S. Marco, to which a daily quantity of grain is distributed at the public expense. The origin of this custom dates as far back as the year 1094, on the Palm Sunday of which year the Doge proceeded to the church of S. Marco, where he was presented with a bough of blessed palm, the foliage of which was composed of gold, silver, and silk, while the gilt stem bore the impress of the arms of Venice. After the Mass had commenced, in order to afford amusement to the people who were standing without, one of the sacristans let fly from the loggie some young pigeons and other birds, which the assembled crowd proceeded to hunt and capture in the best way they might. As this custom, from its popularity, came to be repeated annually, many of the pigeons effected their escape, finding a friendly refuge in the neighbouring towers; and as time rolled on, they built nests, and their numbers increased, the people all the while regarding them with a half-superstitious feeling; so that they would on no account allow them to be destroyed, until at length the policy of the government induced them to pass a decree authorising a daily portion of corn to be distributed for their support at the cost of the state.

Many of the popular festivals of the middle ages arose from political causes. "Slacken the string at times, or the bow will be overstrained," was the advice given by the philosopher of old; and the truth of this counsel was certainly felt, and very readily acted upon by the rulers of those days. As the signors, or tyrants, as they were called, of the different Italian cities had, in many instances, obtained their power by fraud or violence, they were naturally anxious to withdraw as far as possible the attention of the people from the nature of all political measures; and in this they thought they could not more effectually succeed than by constantly occupying their thoughts on other subjects. An attentive study of history shews us, that whenever fresh inroads were about to be made upon the few remaining liberties of the people, whenever some special piece of knavery was meditated, the generosity of the rulers, and their anxiety for the amusement of the people, were proportionably active; their government, in fact, became quite paternal on these occasions. Thus the family of Visconti, upon

receiving from Charles IV., in 1355, the imperial diploma which conferred great power upon their family at the expense of the liberties of the citizens, celebrated great festivals, and bestowed much largess to conciliate the people for the loss of their privileges. Among other objects which created the greatest astonishment in the minds both of Charles and of the citizens, was the spectacle of 6,000 men on horseback, and 10,000 on foot, all richly armed, who performed a series of evolutions in front of the palace at Milan, and afterwards accompanied the grand procession of the emperor when he went to receive the crown in the church of S. Ambrogio. The crowd rejoiced in the games they witnessed and the money they received, and little thought, as with foolish joy they shouted applause and congratulations to the donor, that the cause of the satisfaction they then experienced was but the preparatory step for an act of tyranny to be presently perpetrated; but a short period elapsed, however, ere they learned to lament with bitter tears the ovens of Monza and the dogs of the park of Pavia. The same policy of bribery was adopted by the Venetian government in the year 1319, on the occasion of declaring the office of Grand Counsellor hereditary, in place of elective, as had hitherto been the case. In order to gild the pill and quiet the people, who had commenced to murmur at finding themselves thus deprived of one of their ancient privileges, the Doge applied himself to encouraging and increasing their amusements, took part in them himself, and made one at their banquets, nay, proceeded so far as actually to embrace some of the rough mariners; which hypocritical conduct flattered and deceived the credulous mob, always pleased with the attentions of their superiors, whom nevertheless they affect to despise; and they remained contented with the loss they had sustained, thus thoughtlessly bartering their privileges for the amusement and largess of the moment.

From what has been said, it will be seen that the public amusements of the Italians during the middle ages were generally of a gentle, innocent, and bloodless character: dancing, banqueting, races, and processions, were the chief features of their games and festivals; and these, from the beauty and softness of their climate, they were able for the most part to celebrate in the open air. The inhabitants of Italy, the southern portion more especially, never appear to have derived that enjoyment from the more hardy but cruel games which were a source of such gratification to the northern nations; nor did they fall into that excess in the pleasures of the table, which was so characteristic of their transalpine neighbours. There

was throughout their amusements a gentleness and refinement in keeping with the beauty of their land and climate.

Hitherto we have spoken only of their secular or worldly festivals and amusements; the fervent spirit of religion, however, which in mediæval times animated the hearts of men still comparatively uncorrupted by the vices of civilisation, gave rise to other festivals, some of which, although they began from a very sincere desire at once to strengthen and to satisfy the feelings of the heart by means of outward demonstration, yet afterwards fell into grave disorders, and became the subject of serious and justly-deserved reproach.

Every one knows how favourite an act of devotion in those days was a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Upon their return home, these pious travellers naturally sought to impart to others some of those grateful sensations which they had themselves experienced. They related their long and weary journey, the perils they had undergone, the deserts through which they had passed, what they had seen and heard in the holy city or on the sacred mount, at Bethlehem or at Nazareth, or at any other of the holy places whose names are so familiar and so dear to all Christian hearts. In this way they recomposed, as it were, the history of our Blessed Lord, as from some new and hitherto undiscovered sources of information; they interwove with the rest of their narrative scenes in which Christ, His holy Mother, His Apostles, and other sacred personages, enacted a part. The place chosen for their narrations was often a public piazza or the vestibule of a church; and from the peculiarity of their dress, and the natural interest of their subject, these pilgrims quickly attracted the curiosity and attention of the people. While one pilgrim was narrating his adventures, he would perchance be joined by another, sometimes by a third; and in the excitement of the narrative, one would interrupt and correct the other, if he imagined that any point of interest had been misrepresented or omitted; so that at length, what with the different versions, modes of speech, and gesticulation, the narrative almost began to assume what it afterwards more formally received, the name and character of a representation. Sometimes these pilgrims travelled in companies, and exhibited these representations on temporary platforms erected for the purpose, whereby the people were at once amused and instructed.

Many priests also not unfrequently made this journey to Jerusalem; and anxious to infuse into the hearts of the faithful something of their own zeal and enthusiasm, they used to devise new and more striking ceremonies, that should express and represent the various sufferings and ignominies to which

our Lord had submitted Himself until the consummation of His Passion upon Mount Calvary; and these ceremonies became in time a regular *festa*, which was repeated at certain appointed times.

In some of these celebrations, when the laity took an active part, being dressed to represent the scribes and pharisees, or the Jewish people, or some other of the characters in the sacred narrative, the noise and tumult became so great, that the church is said to have resembled a theatre rather than a house of prayer; and to so great an extent did this evil proceed, that the celebration was forbidden under severe penalties by more than one council. So strong, however, was the hold that this species of religious drama had obtained upon the minds both of priesthood and people, that the prohibition proved insufficient to effect the desired suppression. The spectacle continued to be celebrated either in the church or in some large public building, and sometimes with a degree of splendour and magnificence that rendered it not unworthy to be recorded in the annals of the historians. One very remarkable representation of this nature took place at Padua during Easter 1243, when the subject chosen was the Passion of Christ; and it was performed by a numerous body of actors, all dressed in appropriate costume; upon which occasion, the Italian narrator observes, "religion and vanity, prayers, shouts, and follies were sadly intermingled." At Friuli also, in 1298, several priests represented in the house of the Patriarch the whole of the mysteries contained in the New Testament; and in 1304, the chapter of the cathedral, after much preparation, enacted the creation of Adam, together with the joys and sorrows of the Blessed Virgin.

These singular exhibitions were to a certain degree the forerunners of those religious representations which are so well known under the titles of Mysteries and Moralities, and the celebration of which was once so common in our own country. At this more improved period the characters were performed by ecclesiastics, and the whole spectacle was thought to be so conducive to the improvement and instruction of the people, that one thousand days' indulgence was granted by the Pope to every one who resorted peacefully to the plays performed at Chester during Whitsun-week, beginning with the Creation, and terminating with the Last Judgment. Disraeli gives some curious anecdotes respecting these dramas, taken from the *History of the French Theatre*, one or two of which we will transfer to our pages. In the year 1437, Conrad Bayer, Bishop of Metz, caused a mystery of "the Passion" to be represented on the plain of Veximel, near that city. The

person chosen to represent our Lord was an old priest, "named M. Nicholas Neufchatel, of Touraine, curate of S. Victory of Metz, and who was very near expiring upon the cross, had he not been timely assisted. He was so enfeebled, that it was agreed another priest should be placed upon the cross the next day, to finish the representation of the person crucified, which was done; at the same time M. Nicholas undertook to perform the resurrection, which, being a less difficult task, he did admirably well. Another priest, whose name was M. John de Nicey, curate of Metrange, personated Judas, and had like to have been stifled while he hung upon the tree, for his neck slipped; this being at length luckily discovered, he was quickly cut down, and recovered." Again, at Milan, on the Feast of the Epiphany 1336, a public show on a vast scale was celebrated in honour of the day, and especially of the Magi, whose ashes were then claimed by the church of S. Eustigio. "Three men mounted on horseback, and dressed in purple garments, having their heads adorned with crowns, and bearing in their hands golden vases containing the mystic gifts, accompanied by a vast concourse of pages and attendants, some of whom led strange animals of rare descriptions, proceeded through the streets; while over their heads, and moving in advance with admirable skill, was seen the guiding star. Upon reaching the ancient columns which adorn the church of S. Lorenzo, they encountered King Herod, surrounded by the scribes and elders, who proceeded to demand the reason of their coming and the object of their journey; the information having been afforded, the procession resumed its course, and reached the church of S. Eustigio amidst the shouts and applause of the multitude. Here on the high altar was seen a magnificent presepio, with the ox and ass on either side, while by it sat the Blessed Virgin holding in her arms the infant Jesus, to whom, with all due reverence, the Magi paid honour and offered their gifts; which ceremony being performed, the three kings lay down to repose, and while asleep, an angel was seen to descend from heaven, who commanded them to return by the Porta Romana in lieu of retracing their way by the Strada S. Lorenzo; this order they accordingly obeyed, and thus the festival terminated, with great contentment to the vast multitude which had assembled to behold it."

It was very natural that the people should be thus anxious to represent the great mystery of any holy season, or the principal event in the life of the patron saint of their city, by some magnificent spectacle beyond the rites and ceremonies ordained by the Church; and as long as they were conducted with decorum, and confined within the bounds of propriety, doubtless

great benefit was effected in regard to the people at large; in themselves they were perfectly harmless, and they served both to amuse and instruct the masses. But the latter effect at least could hardly be produced, one would think, by witnessing that most extraordinary festival known under the title of the "Feast of Fools." This feast, the celebration of which was for a long series of years common throughout Europe, is considered by most authors who have written on the subject to have been a remnant of Paganism; they assume that the Pagan people, who had been accustomed to the celebration of the Saturnalia and other similar amusements, were unwilling, on becoming Christians, altogether to renounce their ancient and beloved amusements, and in consequence contrived to engraft upon the ceremonies of their adopted faith practices which subsequently developed themselves under this form. However, whatever its origin may have been, its celebration was of the most extraordinary kind. This festival commenced at Christmas and continued until the Epiphany; it was opened by the repeating of the same prayers as are usually said at the commencement of any sacred functions. Some Latin verses, alluding to the joyous occasion, were then repeated; and afterwards, amidst the noise of chants, uncouth addresses, shouts, and general uproar, the person destined to act the chief character, and who bore the flattering title of Pope or Bishop of the Fools, was chosen, consecrated to his ministry, and clad in archiepiscopal vestments. He was quickly surrounded by a crowd of attendants and followers; some dressed in various ecclesiastical garments, others in masquerade, and some were even habited in the female garb; they wore ridiculous head-dresses, had their faces begrimed with dirt, and, in short, did their utmost to make their appearance monstrous and absurd. Surrounded by this mob, the mock archbishop appeared in public, and immediately proceeded to bestow his benediction upon the assembled crowd, while the grand-almoner, who stood by his side, recited in serio-comic language the nature and number of the indulgences his grace was pleased to bestow; among which a liver-complaint, the toothache, or the putrid tail of some dead animal, were perhaps the least objectionable. The scene of ribaldry did not terminate here; the choir of the church became the assembly-room of the laity, who, in place of psalms and hymns, sang songs that were any thing rather than of a religious character; some danced, others ate and drank, or even played at dice upon the altars; the people ran like madmen to and fro; and, in short, every possible excess seems to have been committed. Others, again, were meanwhile traversing the highways in carts filled with the most

abominable filth, with which they plentifully bespattered those whose evil fortune chanced to bring them within their reach. Remy, King of Naples and Sicily, was among the most ardent supporters of this festival, and not only contributed vast sums towards its expenses, but on many occasions himself bore a part in it. It was introduced into the Church at Constantinople in the tenth century, and speedily spread throughout the East, as it had already done through the West, many grave patriarchs shewing themselves anxious for its establishment among them. Nor was it confined to the churches of the secular clergy; those belonging to some of the religious orders of both sexes witnessed similar scenes. Among others may be quoted one which took place at Antibes about the year 1645, in the monastery of the Cordeliers on the Feast of the Holy Innocents. On this day neither the father-guardian nor any of the religious who had received the tonsure attended in the choir; their places were filled by the lay brethren and attendants of the convent, who chanted the office proper to the day in an absurd and ridiculous manner. They were clothed in the priestly garments turned inside out; the books they held either upside down, or with the back part towards them, and pretended to read by the aid of spectacles from which the glasses had been removed and a bit of orange-peel substituted in their place. Those who held the censers blew the dust into the faces of their neighbours, and covered their heads with ashes; and in this plight they neither celebrated Mass nor repeated prayers or hymns, but a confused murmur of meaningless words mixed with hideous cries, or the imitation of various animals, was alone heard.

Another feast of a somewhat similar kind was known by the title of the "Feast of Asses." On this occasion an ass bearing a cope upon its back was conducted into the church amidst the discordant chanting of a hymn, each verse of which was followed by a refrain, the words of which were so chosen and modulated as to represent the braying of the animal; a function was then celebrated, between each division of which the ass was regaled with food and water, while every species of joke was practised by the bystanders, who indulged also in shouts and cries of every description. In Salisbury Cathedral may still be seen the monument to the boy-bishop who died from excessive laughter during the celebration of the festival in which he filled so prominent a position. On this festival, which took place on S. Nicholas' day, a child was selected to fill the office of bishop, who, with crosier and mitre, accompanied by juvenile prebendaries, preached a sermon and exercised all other functions of his office.

It would naturally be supposed that the effects produced on the minds of the people by a repetition of such exhibitions as these would have been irreverence and an utter contempt for holy things; but such does not appear to have been the case, at least no bad effects appeared at the time, though we are by no means so certain but that some of the phenomena of the popular mind during the Reformation may not justly be traced to this cause. At the time, however, as soon as the period appropriated for the celebration of these festivals had elapsed, the people returned with their former shew of reverence to religious rites, and seemed only to be refreshed, as it were, for renewed exertions. Indeed there have not been wanting learned theologians to maintain that such practices were in themselves useful, and promoted the service of religion, by relaxing the minds of the people, who would otherwise have become wearied and overstrained by an unbroken course of serious devotion. The Church, however, highly disapproved of this desecration of holy things, and loudly expressed her displeasure both at the Council held in Paris, in the thirteenth century, and on many subsequent occasions. As early as the year 1194 we find the Cardinal Peter, Legate in France, forbidding the celebration of these festivals in the cathedral church at Paris, under pain of excommunication; and like prohibitions, extending to other places, were repeatedly issued by many provincial councils in France, between the years 1198-1585. In the year 1444, the University of Paris issued a circular-letter, in which bitter lamentations are made of the desecration to which the churches were exposed by the celebration of these festivals, and loudly calling for their suppression. Nevertheless, so firm was the hold which they had obtained on the minds of the people, that many years elapsed before their abolition was effected.

There still remain, however, both in Italy and some other Catholic countries, many religious festivals peculiar to themselves, which, if they do not offer precisely the same amusements as in former times, yet at least give rest and refreshment both to mind and body, and break the dull monotony of never-ceasing labour. It was so once in our own country also, "when bluff King Harry (would that his amusements had always been as harmless!) was wont to ride from Greenwich to the high ground of Shooter's Hill, with Queen Katherine his wife, accompanied by many lords and ladies, for the purpose of 'maying;' " and "when every man, except impediment, would walke into the sweete medowes and greene woods, there to rejoyce their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweete flowers." Now, alas! the smoky kitchen of the nearest public-

house too often takes the place of "the sweete medowes and greene woodes," and "the spirits are rejoyced" by bad beer and the smell of rank tobacco, instead of the "beauty and savour of sweete flowers." We cannot now inquire either into the causes of this evil, or into the nature of any remedy that might be supposed capable of palliating it; but that it *is* an evil, and one of no mean proportions, all thoughtful men will allow. Six days of unremitting toil, spent in the confined space and impure atmosphere of a manufactory, or under continual exposure to the heat and cold of our variable climate, require something more than a seventh day of mere bodily idleness, both for the moral and physical well-being of the people, as also for their contentment and happiness.

MADELEINE, THE ROSIÈRE.

CHAPTER I.

MADemoiselle LAGUNE, the shrew of the village of Nogent, and hostess of the Auberge à Bon Port, stood at the door thereof one fine May morning, surrounded by a crowd of gossips; her hands were in the very capacious pockets of her white apron, except when she raised them in energetic declamation; her voice was loud, her eyeballs starting, and her eyes, and those of all the listeners or commentators, were fixed on a girl of about fourteen sitting on a low stool at the door, and holding on her lap an infant of some four months old, whose little soft, smiling face, placidly calm in sleep, was upturned towards the day-god, who looked down laughing in beaming, ardent merriment on that slumbering child; and yet it was an orphan; poor little thing! An orphan of a few hours! It had a name, "Madeleine;" 'twas all it possessed; for its mother lay dead in a garret of that Auberge: and its father? Why he too had gone to his silent grave; so all the gossips there standing said, on the report of that quiet girl of fourteen, who alone seemed to take any interest in the poor baby.

"And what's to become of that?" loudly inquired Mdlle Lagune, pointing downwards to the child. "This is the misfortune of having a house open to the public. I am sure if I had imagined such a result, that woman never should have entered beneath my roof."

"Ah, it was an unpleasant affair!" chimed in two or three of the bystanders; "but you must let the parish bury the mother, and send the child to the hospice."

The little girl who held it looked up, and, by an involuntary movement, clasped the poor infant to her breast, which awoke it, not with a cry, but a smile, as it looked upon its nurse with a pair of full blue eyes.

"And then, too," continued Mdlle Lagune, "to think of the stupidity of Louise there, never calling me up stairs, though she saw how ill the woman was; and all we know about her is from the little she herself told the child and Père Gallin; and of course *he* will tell nothing. I warrant ye, I'd have discovered all, had Louise called me."

"She bade me not leave her at the last, and you were too busy to come when I did ask you," answered the girl, gently.

"And whom should you obey?" cried Mdlle, angrily: "a stranger, or your aunt?"

The girl made no reply, she was endeavouring to still the cry of the poor infant; it was a low, peevish murmur of discomfort.

"What ails the child?" asked one of the listeners. "It seems ill, too."

"Oh, I dare say it is hungry," replied the hostess. "It has been with its dying mother all night; and she couldn't nourish it much."

Louise sprang from her seat, a cold look of horror on her childish face.

"Pauvre enfant!" cried several.

"Where are you going?" exclaimed her aunt to the girl, who was hastily entering the auberge.

"To seek food for the poor child," was the reply, as if in amazement at the question.

"Ah, well! Go this once; but remember, that child goes to the hospice afterwards. *I* can't afford to keep it."

Humanity sealed the gossips' lips; there was not one approving word. Amidst this silence, a rosy, buxom woman drew near the crowd. All made way for her.

"Here's Madame Bertrand," was whispered around.

"Has any thing occurred?" inquired the new-comer, good-humouredly smiling. Half-a-dozen voices commenced relating the events of the last few days, out of which little could be well gleaned, from the earnestness of each speaker.

"Permit me, mesdames!" said Mdlle Lagune, with authority. "*I* will inform Madame Bertrand of this affair. You see, madame," she continued, addressing that person: "just

a week ago, one evening there came a poor, sickly-looking young woman into the auberge, carrying a baby in her arms. After some slight refreshment, she inquired if she could have a bed-room for a few days. 'Something very cheap,' she added. Well, madame, as I have a tender heart—the worse for me sometimes—I allowed her to remain."

"And where did she come from? What was her name?" inquired Madame Bertrand.

"Oh!" answered Mdlle, hesitating; "I was so dreadfully engaged, it being the cattle-fair last week at Châlons, and so many drovers passing through Nogent, that I forgot to make very minute inquiries; intending to do so every day; and as she paid me a week's lodging, mentioning she was from Châlons, I imagined she came with some one who had attended the fair."

"Then you have no passport? Why not ask for one at once?"

"Hélas! Madame Bertrand, she died last night!"

This suddenly-announced death struck a chill on the inquirer's warm heart. After a moment's pause she called to mind the child.

"Where is the infant?" she asked.

"Here, madame," answered Louise, who had returned, the baby in one arm and a cup of sop in the other hand.

The little eager, intelligent face of the motherless infant attracted Madame Bertrand. The little wondering eyes were fixed on the crowd, and the tiny hands closely pressed together, and then to the pale little lips, in gnawing hunger.

"She's starving," whispered several; and poor Louise sank on her stool once more; and pity's tear stole down that *old* child's face, as she fed her hungering chance-sent sister-mortal. Poor Louise! No one could live with Mdlle Lagune and preserve nature's freshness. This little daisy, though her own orphan niece, had bowed her head, and become that sorrowful thing to see—an *old* child. Care outsteps time in maturing.

"Louise knows more about it," cried all. "She was constantly with her."

"Come, Louise, *ma fille*," said Madame Bertrand, kindly; "tell us all."

"Madame," replied she between intervals, often interrupted to soothe and feed the child she seemed to have appropriated to herself, "when I took the mother of *la petite* Madeleine here up-stairs to her room, I offered to carry the child, she seemed so weary. However, this she declined; but

when we arrived there, I was only just in time to catch it, for the *pauvre mère* fell back exhausted; she was very ill; and so white, and pretty too, though so delicate."

"Never mind your remarks, Louise," cried her aunt, in her shrewish tone.

"Leave her to tell all her own way," gently argued the listener.

"When she recovered," continued the relatrix, "she asked me if a great many men were not employed at Vincennes, in the château, in work of various kinds; if there was not work to be had in the *bois* for wood-cutters, &c. I told her there were many men employed about there, I believed. She said no more then, but next day went out early, only returning at night, fatigued and weary"—here Louise paused a moment; her colour came and went; she seemed to be musing.

"Well?" exclaimed her aunt, all curiosity.

"I know but little more," concluded she, evidently quite clear in her mind about the debated point, whatever it had been; "except that she went out every day, and always came back weary and sad, until yesterday, and then she was too ill to go out; she had been crying all night" (here the old child forgot her forced age, and wept fresh, young tears of compassion), "and in the morning she was unable to leave her bed. At her request I went to my aunt; but she was very busy, and could not come up."

"*Tiens!*" cried Mdlle: "if we lodge people for almost nothing, we cannot be at their beck and call too! Besides, she had Louise. I didn't know she was so ill."

No one coincided with her. Louise continued:

"Towards night she grew worse; my aunt was going out, and I could not stay much with her; and I did not think her dying. About 9 o'clock she asked to see the curé; so I ran down, and told Jean to run for him. I begged my aunt to allow me to remain with her that night; but—but—"

"How could the girl do her work, madame, if she sat up all night?" apologetically asked the hostess.

"But I crept back," added Louise, resolutely, "after M. le Curé had left, who did not think her so near death, and stayed with her all night; towards morning she grew calmer, and then I wanted to call my aunt, but she would not let me, saying she felt better; that having heard of her husband's death, it had much afflicted her. I was tired," continued Louise, after a pause, "and had fallen asleep, when poor little Madeleine here awoke me by her cries; I jumped up, the light was just growing clear in the room, and by it I saw

the child struggling to get out of its mother's arms; it was pressed so tightly to her breast; and when I looked closer—" (here she grew very pale, and her tears froze in her eyes and stood still,) "she was dead and cold."

A shudder crept through all save one; and she spake:

"And what," she cried, "am I to do with her? I shall get into some trouble about the passport; but who could have dreamed that she only came here to die? I have sent for the authorities, and they must bury her; and the child must go to *l'hospice*."

"No," cried a warm-hearted woman's voice; "I will take it home till something be heard of its relations."

The poor man's soul's-offering burst from the crowd—"Heaven reward and bless you!"—as Madame Bertrand held out her arms to take the little castaway.

"O madame!" cried Mdlle Lagune, curtesying, for Madame Bertrand was a somebody, not very rich, 'tis true, but a *rentière* in the village, having several houses; her husband having been mayor, but now being retired from public life, with his cheerful little wife; "O madame, I'm sure no one can feel for the poor infant more than I do, and the poor mother; but there, *she's* happy now!" and she sighed sanctimoniously.

Who might say that? Perchance she was looking down sorrowing on her child!

Half an hour afterwards Madame Bertrand, and Louise carrying the child, traversed the village towards the home of the former; there was a field to cross; they were half way there, when Louise suddenly stopped.

"Madame," she cried, gently pulling the other's dress, who was in deep thought,—"*madame*, now we are out of all hearing, I have something to tell you."

"What is it, Louise?" and she stopped too.

"I did not like mentioning all before so many; I knew mere curiosity brought most there; so I resolved to tell only you. When Madeleine's mother was sensible last night, she drew me close to her and said, '*Ma bonne petite fille*, I feel I am dying; I could have wished to tell all to an older, safer ear, you are so young; but time presses, and I cannot die happy without confiding my poor little Madeleine to some female heart; remember well all I am telling you.' I told her," continued Louise, "that I was much steadier than I seemed; and I think she thought so too; for she appeared quite certain I should do her bidding." The girl then told how the wayfarer, then lying dead, had been left very early with only a mother's care, her father having been a rich farmer

near Amiens; that as she grew up, among many who wished to marry her, was one Gilles Frémont, and they were married a year and a half; that almost all her money was in her mother's power, who had promised her father never to re-marry, and faithfully to keep it in trust for their child. But promises to the dead are often forgotten. A month after that daughter's marriage the parent united herself to a young man of no very good character, and all her daughter's money went to pay his debts. From that moment Gilles Frémont changed; he had never been a very loving husband, but then it generally happens so; love lies all with one or the other; and Thérèse loved him so much! He did not hesitate to tell her that interest alone urged him to marry. Indeed, from the moment of the mother's marriage his conduct proved it; he grew reckless of all; the little ground they possessed was left uncultivated, and he was frequently absent for weeks. At last he went, and never returned; after waiting, waiting for months in vain (for when he quitted home Madeleine was just born), Thérèse sold the little all she possessed in the world, and started in a vain search after him. Long and wide she wandered, and at last traced him to Nogent. The rest is soon told: day after day she quitted the auberge seeking him. On the last one she learned he had been employed felling wood in the Bois de Vincennes; a tree struck him; he was carried to the hospital and died. A wood-cutter, who knew him well, told her this; and that night the weary spirit burst its bonds by one last effort of strength, and soared away from earth, its earthly home; and poor little Madeleine—"

"Thank you, Louise, for your confidence in me," said Madame Bertrand, laying a hand on the girl's shoulder. "But was this all she said? No wish expressed about the child?"

"She was going to say something more, madame, but a kind of drowsiness seemed to come over her, and she never spoke to me again; her last word was Madeleine! And then she fell asleep, and I, too, soon afterwards; when I awoke, she was dead, and Madeleine crying."

"Poor mother! poor child!" said the little saddened woman. None sorrow sooner than the mirthful; the cheerful heart is ever one of peace and charity; both these engender deep feeling.

They soon after reached home. Men are, generally speaking, less enthusiastic, slower to act from impulse, than women. M. Bertrand was a very good man; but nevertheless rather more calculating than his wife; besides, let us admit—in justice to him—that it may not always be prudent to allow the

heart full play, without calling in reflection to one's aid; and a man has a right to question the exact prudence with which his wife acts, however kindly and like a Christian, in coming home from a morning walk with an infant of totally unknown parentage, of which she had bound herself to undertake the charge, as though she had been its mother. Madame felt all the justice of his remarks, and looked pained. Louise was saddened; and pressing the poor child to her breast, wished—oh, so much!—that *she* could take it herself. Madeleine looked up, her little cheeks like two peaches, pressed as they had been to Louise's bosom; and the large blue eyes stared at the strange man; and then—was it some prompting angel bade her stretch out her arms towards him, laughing? Be it as it may, that night little Madeleine slept in a roughly-constructed cot, much like a wooden box, until a better could be procured, by the bedside of M. and Madame Bertrand; and a month afterwards, had he been offered the Prefectship of Paris to give up the child, he would have said, "No, I love her as if she were my own!"

CHAPTER II.

Fifteen years slid away, almost imperceptibly to those who lead a quiet village life; little seemed changed, if we except perhaps the baby Madeleine, who had become a beautiful girl, and as Père Gallin said rejoicing, when any one spoke of her comeliness, "The face is plain in comparison with the mind, for that is adorned with those lilies which are more beautiful than the glory of Solomon;" and the good man looked with righteous pride on the soul he had so anxiously watched over, and preserved in its original image, its Maker's. All save one spoke well of Madeleine, and this was her first enemy in that village, Mdlle Lagune, who was still the crabbed mistress of L'Auberge à Bon Port; and poor Louise, who had watched so lovingly over the infancy of "her child," as she ever called the orphan girl, had returned to her aunt's sheltering care (and *care* assuredly it was), for now Madeleine needed her services no more, save as a friend;—she returned to soothe, if possible, the gall-imbued years in their descending vale of her crabbed aunt.

Some women devote themselves to the solace of others—true Sisters of Mercy, though without the garb; Louise was one of these. She had resided several years with Madame Bertrand, after this good dame had taken the orphan to her home; and though Madeleine grew up filled with grateful affection for her kind second mother, and the excellent but somewhat too hasty M. Bertrand, yet all her tenderest affections were given

to Louise, who was as mother, sister, all to the girl, who, as a deserted infant, had clung to her neck. We said Mdlle Lagune disliked her; there is an old adage which may best explain this, "The injured *may* forgive, the injurer never!" She felt she had acted harshly to the dying mother, and with unchristian feeling towards the child; Madame Bertrand's kindness was a living reproach to her, and yet she had not felt disposed to offend that lady by refusing Louise to her solicitations to look after the child. Now this latter had returned; and she felt a glowing satisfaction in heaping on the tame, quiet woman the offences of the girl of fourteen. Louise returned to the auberge when her little charge was about eight years of age, and from that period to the present hour, her love and care had been unchangeable towards the orphan, for whom Mdlle Lagune delighted to predict every species of misfortune and evil. "She was a come-by-chance; she must be of bad breed; who knew whether her mother had ever been married? Père Gallin might be, assuredly *was* a good man; but for the sake of the respectability of the village, he certainly ought to be a little more communicative, just to ease people's minds! Certainly she, for one, felt *very* uncomfortable, especially as the mother had been harboured in her house," &c. &c. And then she would seek Père Gallin, and with hypocritically feigned sanctity declare, that her mind was much disturbed on account of these events, dreading lest some share or connivance in the sin might not be imputed to her, for sin she feared there had been. But *le bon père* only smiled; all her cunning devices to cheat him of his secret were vain. "Rest perfectly satisfied, my good demoiselle," he would reply, placidly smiling; "if there have been error, good little Madeleine is no party to it, no sharer in it; *I* exonerate you too from any participation." "Then there *has* been error?" would she exclaim, exulting in her own cleverness. "*Ma fille*, I said *if*," would be the quiet rejoinder as he rubbed his hands composedly; and the unsatisfied woman was fain to return home brooding over that cruel "if" which shut the gates to further inquiry or knowledge. Mdlle Lagune had a nephew, Louise's brother, but her junior by nine years. It never entered into mademoiselle's head, that *her* nephew, presumptive heir to her property, could fall in love with an unknown orphan; even the prospect of the fortune she would undoubtedly receive from the Bertrands could not reconcile her to the match; she had indeed arranged one, years before, with the parents of an only daughter, wealthy and retired from business, residing in the neighbourhood; all was settled but one thing, Alexis' consent. Louise, like a clever

general, whose whole thought was fixed upon her brother's marriage with Madeleine, never hinted such a possibility to either; in fact, she appeared rather to discountenance any intimacy between them, and looked grave when little Madeleine begged for Alexis to come and spend the day with them; and on the other hand, she was continually speaking to him of his aunt's choice, Mdlle Frogé. Of course, the thing exactly turned out as she ardently desired it should; he and Madeleine liked each other as children, and loved fervently and truly as a youth of twenty and a girl of fifteen will, whose affections are based upon esteem. This was a thunderbolt to Mdlle Lagune, who had deemed Mdlle Frogé a sufficient "electric conductor" against so fearful a visitation. What was to be done? She did not like offending the Bertrands, and, on the other hand, her word had long been pledged to the Frogés. It is rather unwise sometimes to treat our children as mere automatons in our hands; we suddenly, by some severe shock, are taught to know that they have vitality and wills of their own: these she discovered in Alexis. "He had never dreamed of any but Madeleine! Leave her! Oh, no! if her foster-parents refused him, well then he never would marry, he would go for a soldier." Sometimes the thing we threaten to do comes unexpectedly upon us, as if to try our resolution. Alexis was cast in the following drawing for the conscription, and found himself, before he had time even to collect his thoughts, an embryo man of war and glory. "Of course," he said composedly to Louise, "my aunt will buy a substitute;" but *ma tante* had not the slightest idea of such a thing; she saw her vantage ground too well. "The service would do him good; times were peaceable; and without offending any one, she might eventually please herself;" so she firmly refused her consent to his boyish engagement with Madeleine on the grounds that it would not be for their future happiness to affiance them before he had seen a little of the world; young men will change sometimes; and while she was deaf to all arguments and prayers on this subject, she ratified her promise to the Frogés, who were ignorant of the heart's choice of Alexis Vallette. Poor Alexis, and still sadder Madeleine, what could they do? only love truly, be true to themselves and wait patiently. But all these were very good arguments, very painful practice, especially for her; he would be going among new scenes and companions, which would amuse and interest him; *perhaps* he might forget her! But she must remain, and reckon his footsteps fleeing *from* her, which her sad heart would vainly endeavour to overtake. Then, too, the misery of walking *alone*, where we

have been cheered by a kindly, loving support! Poor Madeleine, she grew very pale, very melancholy, and even her kind parents of adoption, and Louise, for awhile failed in comforting her.

"O Madeleine!" exclaimed Alexis, about a week before he was to leave the village; "if I only had five hundred francs, I could release myself, and still be near you; but I have nothing, except what my aunt gives me, neither has Louise."

"Nor I, Alexis," said the weeping girl; "and *ma bonne mère* will not give me any to assist in an act of disobedience towards Mdlle Lagune; besides, she too wishes you to see the world. It is very strange they think it so necessary to drive you into a place they all agree in calling so bad, just to try you; to my thinking, it is always safer not to put our fingers too near the fire; though healed, they might be scarred for life."

"Never mind, Madeleine dearest," he answered, endeavouring to soothe, even though suffering keenly himself. "I shall come back sooner than they expect; seven years, indeed! I will get the money somehow for a substitute, and return loving you doubly for the privation of your presence."

And thus comforted she tried to look forward with hope; but the chance of his obtaining so large a sum seemed almost an impossibility; still she was too young to give way to despair, and the succeeding days passed more hopefully than she had at one time deemed possible.

We have said but little of the foster-parents of Madeleine; but our readers must admit them to their imaginations as good, excellent, but every-day people; there would be little to tell very interesting of them, if we except their unceasing care and love for their charge; the whole business of their lives seemed to be how to secure her happiness and well-being, and up to the present moment she had not caused them one hour's uneasiness. The attachment between her and Alexis was looked upon with pleasure, and a hope that the firmness and faith of the young man would insure the ultimate consent of his aunt. He was ever welcomed at their house, and his approaching departure cast its gloom over their household, for poor Madeleine's blue eyes were overflowing with tears, and her once laughing tones turned to sighs. But time, heartless time, hurries us on to every goal of sorrow; the day came, and even the young soldier's voice trembled when he bade all farewell, and imprinted his last kisses *à la Française* on Madeleine's forehead and cheeks. Louise stood by to comfort; but she too was weeping. At last the final words had to be

spoken; and as he whispered them to the sobbing girl, he added, "Cheer up, my Madeleine, my little wife, I shall soon return; but do not speak this to any one; I have a scheme in view to enable me to do so; *à revoir, ma bien aimée.*" And he was gone on his career; perhaps to forget her. Poor Madeleine!

Reviews.

THE TEMPORAL SOVEREIGNTY OF THE POPE.

The Power of the Pope in the Middle Ages. Translated from the French of the Abbé Gosselin by the Rev. M. Kelly, Professor of Belles Lettres at Maynooth; being the first volume of the Library of Translations from Select Foreign Literature. London, Dolman.

The Temporal Power of the Pope. Clifton Tracts, Nos. 17, 20, 28, 34. Burns and Lambert.

MR. DOLMAN has done wisely to commence his *Library of Translations from Foreign Literature* with the well-known work of the Abbé Gosselin. He could scarcely have made a better selection; for the temporal power of the sovereign Pontiff is not only in itself one of the most interesting phenomena which can engage the attention of a thoughtful student of history, but it is also pre-eminently *a question of the day*. It is but a few months ago that men of all nations were to be seen flocking together to the banks of the Tiber to assist a band of perjured rebels in their attempt to overthrow that sovereignty; and on the other hand the arms of Catholic Europe, and the prayers and generous charity of the whole of Christendom, were actively engaged in resisting the sacrilegious attempt, and in maintaining inviolate that most ancient and legitimate of monarchies. The temporal sovereignty of the Bishop of Rome, therefore, is no longer a question fit only for the laborious researches of the antiquarian, or the speculative inquiries of the philosopher; it has become a *practical* question, upon which it is necessary that statesmen should be informed, and upon which itinerant orators and ephemeral journalists do not hesitate to give an opinion. Under these circumstances, a really good translation, such as Mr. Kelly has here given us, of a work of acknowledged merit upon the subject in question, is a real boon to the Catholic public; and we trust they will shew their appreciation of it, not only by procuring the book, but also by making themselves really masters of its contents; for they may rest assured, that this is a subject of which we

are very far from having heard the last. There are some topics of controversy of which one may fairly hope that they are exploded; they are long since worn so thoroughly threadbare, that they are now discarded, like the rusty armour of a former generation, as being no longer suited to the tactics of modern warfare. The present topic, however—the temporal sovereignty of the Pope—is not one of these; rather, it is only just now coming into fashion. The keen observer cannot fail to have noticed, that even the champions of Exeter Hall have somewhat shifted their points of attack. Their emissaries throughout the country no longer, or at least not so frequently as in days of old, select as the topics of their truthful and charitable harangues such doctrines as “the Idolatry of the Mass,” “of the Virgin,” or the like; they fly rather to more stirring, more practical themes; they are become suddenly solicitous for the social and political well-being of the inhabitants of the Papal States. Reverend gentlemen, who would be horrified at the idea of any reforms in our own political institutions at home, any extension of the franchise, for example, may be seen sailing in the same boat, and apparently knit together in the closest bonds of friendship, with advocates for universal suffrage and Red Republicans; they grow eloquent and pathetic, not so much over the absence of the Bible and of the pure reformed religion of Protestants from Catholic Italy, as over the absence of railroads and steam-engines and electric telegraphs, false notions of political economy, and the want of a representative form of government.

We repeat, then, that we think the publication at the present moment of a translation of Gosselin’s work singularly well chosen and opportune; and for the same reason, we rejoice to see that the editors of the *Clifton Tracts* have published something on the same subject in a more popular form, for the use of the many; for it is a subject on which all Catholics who are likely to fall in the way of Protestant controversy—and who is not, in these days of incessant talking and writing?—should lose no time in informing themselves. The question naturally divides itself into two branches—the temporal power of the Pope as an independent sovereign over the inhabitants of a certain limited territory, which he still enjoys, and the temporal power over other sovereigns throughout the whole of Catholic Christendom, which belonged to him in the middle ages. M. Gosselin’s work treats of both these points; and so, we trust, will the editors of the *Clifton Tracts*, before they bring their series to a conclusion. As far as has hitherto been published, however, neither of the works before us can be said to have done more than allude by anticipation to the second of

these matters ; in what follows, therefore, our remarks shall be confined to the first, which alone at the present day is a practical question.

With reference to this, the sovereignty of the Pope over that part of Italy which still belongs to him and which is known by the name of the States of the Church, there is great controversy both as to the time at which it began, and also the character of the motives and measures by which it was brought about. One main cause of this controversy, or at least one main difficulty behind which the enemies of the Holy See take shelter, and of which they avail themselves as an excuse for continuing the contest, is to be found in the very slow and gradual process by which the power in question arrived at its present proportions. This very circumstance, however, when rightly considered, instead of being a perplexity, really goes very far towards giving us the true solution of the problem. For gradual and almost imperceptible growth is a characteristic of natural and spontaneous development ; it is utterly inconsistent with violence and theft. Look at the growth of a tree, for instance ; who can mark the precise moment when the first tender blade pierced the soil, and told of the seed that lay deep below in the earth ? Who can assign to each genial shower, and to each summer's sun, its share in the ultimate result, the full-grown oak ? Or, look again at the framework of human society and of bodies politic ; we know that this has grown naturally and gradually out of the seed of the human family ; that man is naturally social, and that families therefore united together into larger societies by a kind of instinct ; but for this very reason we have no records of the formation of the first civil community ; it was created not by any violence from without, but by a natural process of growth from within. Precisely so is it with the phenomenon now before us, the temporal power of the Popes. Heretics pretend that it is an usurpation ; that the Popes through worldly ambition have seized upon what of right did not belong to them. But if so, they must have wrested it from some lawful owner. *When*, therefore, and *how* did this happen ?

“ It is known perfectly well when and how Julius Cæsar landed in Britain and conquered it, taking the country from the ancient inhabitants. It is well known, again, that the Saxons came and dispossessed the Britons after the Romans had withdrawn ; and that William the Conqueror landed with his Normans in England, won the battle of Hastings, and subdued the Saxons. From whom, therefore, did the Popes take the territories which make up the Roman States ? and when did the usurpation occur ? ” This is a

question which Protestants find themselves quite unable to answer. Yet "if no one can point to any definite time when the Popes acquired this power, it is a proof that it was not founded on robbery and usurpation, but that it grew out of circumstances,"* and that it was the natural fruit, as it were, of the soil that bore it.

And so in truth it was. The assertions of Fleury and others, that it had its origin from the donations of Pepin and Charlemagne in the eighth century are manifestly false. There are numerous tokens of its existence many years before. Pepin himself called his own acts only an act of *restitution*; he did but give back to the Roman Pontiff what Astolph, the Lombard king, had unjustly seized from him. Nearly thirty years before Pepin had crossed the Alps to fight against the Lombards, the Italians had risen up to resist the iconoclastic decree of Leo the Isaurian, and had proceeded to elect their own rulers and magistrates, and to place themselves under the special protection of the Popes; and when, on the approach of the Lombards under King Luitprand, Gregory II. sent to ask for help from Charles Martel, who, under the title of Mayor of the Palace, was really exercising that sovereignty over France which was nominally enjoyed by the Merovingian king, Thierry IV., he seems to have treated with him far more as one monarch might with another, than as the lieutenant or deputy of another potentate. Pressed by these facts, some authors will consent to go back as far as the pontificate of the first Gregory, and say, that it was during his reign, when the Lombards and other barbarians were pressing upon Rome, and the Eastern emperors were too much harassed by their wars with the Persians to render their western subjects any efficient aid, that the temporal power of the Roman pontiffs had its first beginnings. But even here too the Catholic student of history must protest against the accuracy of such a statement; not only because of the many acts of civil jurisdiction that have been recorded of earlier Popes, even from the days of St. Gelasius and St. Symmachus at the close of the fifth century, but also because it is clear from the testimony of St. Gregory himself, that though the circumstances of the times rendered the burden of the temporal power more oppressive to him than it had been to his predecessors, and though, from the same cause, its limits were doubtless extended and its rights considerably strengthened during his pontificate, yet the substance of that power had not been grasped by himself, but handed down to him from another. The passages in St. Gregory's letters to which we allude, and which are to be found in Gosselin, have been not unfrequently quoted as

* Clifton Tracts, No. xx. p. 3.

the testimony of a saint against the principle of uniting temporal and spiritual power in the person of the Pope. It would be far more just to say that they are a strong proof of the necessity which a wise and saintly Pontiff recognised of the temporal independence of his successors in order to the due discharge of their high and heavenly office. A man who loathed the responsibilities of temporal power, and the frequent interruption of his spiritual duties which was involved in them, as cordially as the first Gregory did, would certainly never have consented to bear the galling yoke, had he not been conscious that there were corresponding spiritual advantages to be derived from it, which, for the interests of the Church and of religion, he dared not forego. We do not mean that the alternative was ever consciously present to his mind, whether it were more for the honour and glory of God and the advancement of His kingdom upon earth, that the Popes should have temporal power, or should have none, and that he deliberately chose the former; on the contrary, we believe that it came to his hands as a part of the necessary office and duties of the Bishop of Rome, and that he would have relinquished it, had he believed that it was possible to do so without a dereliction of duty and without detriment to the Church; in a word, had not the allwise counsels of God over-ruled his own private desires, and made the discharge of these offices compulsory upon him. But however this may be, the fact is certain, that in Gregory's time the temporal power of the Popes was very considerable. "The Bishop of this place," he says, "is so occupied with external cares, that one might almost doubt whether he fills the post of a shepherd of souls or of an earthly prince." His negotiations with the Lombards were so important and so frequent, that we find him complaining that, as a punishment for his sins, he is rather the Bishop of the Lombards than of the Romans. And this was not merely because of the moral, or, with the story of St. Leo and Gesneric and Attila before our eyes, should we not rather say supernatural influence which might be looked for from any intercession for peace that was urged by one possessed of so sacred a character, but because he was really invested with the chief authority in the city, temporal as well as spiritual; for at one time we hear him giving directions about the public granaries, and at another about military arrangements; matters which clearly belong to civil rather than to ecclesiastical officers, or to ecclesiastics only by virtue of some civil office with which they are entrusted. It is to be observed too, that the exercise of this authority was not confined to the city of Rome; it

extended as far as Naples, to which city St. Gregory sent a magistrate, by name Constantius, to superintend its defence; another magistrate too, by name Leontius, he sent as governor to Nepi, and the letter is still extant in which he charges the people of that place to render a willing obedience to the new officer he had sent them, and adds that any resistance which may be offered to him will be the same as resistance offered immediately to himself. Now it is certain that these cities were duly provided with bishops of their own; so that the power exercised by Gregory is not a mere example of the influence which in those days was very commonly gained by each Christian bishop within his own see, by reason of his virtues and his talents, over the minds of his fellow-citizens and even of his rulers; it was something far more extensive, and it was special to the Bishop of Rome. At the same time we do not pretend to say that Gregory exercised these various functions as an independent sovereign; on the contrary, he seems in one place expressly to call himself an officer of the Emperor, or at least he certainly compares himself to one of those officers, which he would not have done had he considered his position to be that of a prince ruling in his own right. But we are here speaking only of the *fact* of temporal power of a very considerable character having been exercised by the Popes; and we say that this fact dates not from the time of Gregory the Second at the beginning of the eighth century, nor even from Gregory the First in the end of the sixth, but from a period far anterior to either. Constantine may not, indeed, have been conscious of any such motive himself, but we cannot doubt that the removal of the seat of empire from Rome to Constantinople was ordered by God's providence for this special end, the free development of a power the germ of which already existed, and which in its maturity was destined to form the bulwark both of society and religion during so many centuries. It almost looks as though the kings and princes of those days had felt by a kind of instinct that it was not fitting that their throne should be established in a place where was a throne of such higher and more sacred a nature, the throne of an universal monarchy, which their predecessors had vainly striven to destroy in its infancy, but which had now survived three centuries of persecution, was beginning to fill the whole earth, and to which they themselves had just consented to do homage. Not only does Constantine retire from Rome and build another capital elsewhere, as soon as the public and legal existence of the Christian Church is recognised; but not even any of the barbarians who conquered Italy afterwards ever dared to place his seat of

empire in the Eternal City; Vandals, Goths, Lombards, one and all, restrained by some mysterious power, withdrew from the richest and fairest city in their dominions, and chose rather to establish their court in Pavia, in Ravenna, or Milan.

We believe, then, that it is impossible to mark with accuracy the precise epoch of every stage of growth in the temporal power of the Popes, because that power was not the work of man, but of God; and secret and almost imperceptible gradations are the *ordinary* characteristics of the works of God, as well in nature as in grace. First came temporal possessions; money, jewels, provisions, and other goods of this kind, for the use of the Church and of the poor, were laid at the feet of the successors of St. Peter, even in the darkest days of persecution; next, rich estates were given them; then, with land came naturally a certain degree of civil influence and authority; then a variety of causes co-operated to increase this influence, to extend it, and to give it form; the wisdom, disinterestedness, and great personal holiness of the Roman pontiffs, the natural gratitude and earnest desire of the people, who saw how deeply they were indebted to their spiritual rulers; and lastly, the imbecility and perverseness of the Greek emperors, all tended to create, or rather to consolidate, this temporal power, and to make it such as we now find it. "Italy *dropped* from the hands of the emperors; it was not torn from them." The Popes were in the end *constrained* to appropriate what was voluntarily offered them by the people, what the incapacity of the degenerate occupants of the imperial throne had virtually abandoned, and what nothing but the vivifying power of the Church was able to preserve from the total ruin which then threatened it. This is the true account of the Papal sovereignty over the States of the Church.

"The Popes," says Dr. Miley, in his interesting and valuable *History of the Papal States*, "were the first who ever reigned *by opinion*. Opinion was the force which carried them to the throne. Never did Cæsar, or Sylla, or Trajan, achieve by the sword such victories as the Popes won by opinion. By opinion, the eternal city was saved in the time of St. Gregory the Great, when all the rest of Italy lay prostrate, and was on all sides forsaken and ruined. . . . At a time when every other governing authority lay prostrate or had disappeared altogether, the power of the Popes rose amidst the weltering scene of wreck and confusion, serene and terrible even to the most ruthless tyrants and infuriated barbarians. It rose like a rock, immovable amidst the chaos of society. It was the ægis of order, the protection of the weak from the mighty. Charity, light, were with it, and the peace of God, which, diffused in the heart, cured every pain, and healed even the wounds and bruises of memory.

By such arts as these, it was, and not by intrigue, or arms, or ambition, that the Pontiffs at length became kings *de jure*, as they had been the kings *de facto* of Rome and its immediately dependent province for centuries."*

Indeed, so far from there being any truth in the ordinary Protestant assertion that the dynasty of the Popes had its origin from their own personal ambition, and from an exaggerated idea which they had, and which they laboured to instil into others, of the character of the powers with which they were invested from on high, it is very remarkable how uniformly the most important steps towards the establishment of that dynasty were taken during the reign of Popes whose private characters were most strongly opposed to the possession of any such power. We have already seen this in the instance of Gregory I.; it is equally observable also in the second pontiff of that name. Gregory II. recognised, as clearly as it was possible to recognise, and insisted upon to others, the distinction between the two powers, temporal and spiritual. He laboured also as zealously as any of his predecessors, and as long as he could, to support the declining power of the empire; and yet it is undeniable that it was precisely in his reign that the temporal power of the Popes received a most important development.

"Know, O Emperor," wrote this Pontiff to the Emperor Leo, "that the dogmas of holy Church do not belong to emperors, but to bishops; and therefore it is that bishops are set over the government of the Church, and abstain from meddling with matters of state; let emperors, then, observe a similar abstinence from matters ecclesiastical, and only administer what has been entrusted to their care . . . As a bishop has no power of inspecting the palace and conferring regal dignities, so has the Emperor no right to extend his authority over the Church, and to interfere with the election of the clergy . . . Let each of us remain in the vocation in which God has called us." And writing to the Doge of Venice, he exhorts him so to arrange matters, that Ravenna may be restored to the Emperor, and that "we may be able by God's help to remain faithful in the service of the state and of the empire, discharging with zeal the duties our holy faith imposes upon us."

It is clear, then, that any steps taken by this Pope, which ultimately tended to sever Rome and other parts of Italy from all connexion with the Emperor, and to make a separate state of them, to be ruled by the Popes themselves, were not taken in consequence of any confusion of ideas in the mind of the holy Bishop between the temporal and the spiritual powers, nor yet from any feelings of worldly pride and ambition, but

* Vol. i. p. 335.

from the imperative force of circumstances, and in spite of his own personal repugnance. M. Gosselin has ably vindicated the character of his successor also, the third Gregory, in whose time the independence of the Roman states may almost be said to have been complete ; for it is during this reign, for the first time, that the Romans are called "God's peculiar people," a title which, since it could not certainly have been applied to them in a spiritual sense (in which sense *all* are now God's people ; there is no longer the distinction between Jew and Gentile), can only have referred to the fact that their temporal affairs also were administered by the Vicar of Christ.

It is then a mere dry, technical, and antiquarian question, to attempt to settle with minuteness the precise instant at which the Popes became temporal sovereigns ; one thing is certain, that long before they were possessed of the actual territory of the states, they had become invested with, and had admirably discharged the highest and most onerous functions of kings. There is another question, however, which has been very frequently asked during the last half dozen years, and which is far more important ;—whether this arrangement, so venerable for its antiquity, and so beneficial in its results, is in any way essential to the Church ; whether in these latter days it would not be better to alter it, and to effect a complete separation between the Church and the State, so that the patriarch of the Christian world should not be himself a sovereign, but only the subject of some other sovereign, or a citizen of some Utopian republic. This latter question has been not only mooted by the infidel demagogues of the day, but has been dressed up by them in such attractive and would-be Christian colours, that many very well-intentioned but ill-instructed Catholics have been tempted to answer it in the affirmative. They have allowed their imaginations to be captivated by the pleasing picture of a pontiff utterly unembarrassed by worldly affairs, and able, therefore, to devote his undivided energies to the one only subject of governing the Church ; and they have not stopped to consider whether or not the proposed measure would really produce this desired result. Of course every one knows that the temporal sovereignty of the Popes is not, in the strict sense of the term, essential to the Church :

"The Pope would be just as much Pope if he was not a king, as he is now. He was a Pope before he was a king, and would still be Pope, though he should cease to be a king. He is Pope because he has succeeded to the spiritual power of the Apostle St. Peter, whom our blessed Lord made head of His Church ; and who, though he became Bishop of Rome, and so Pope, never had any temporal

power, or owned or ruled one foot of land. And so was it with many of those who succeeded him.”*

And so *might* it be again to-morrow if God so willed, and the Church would still remain, and the promise still be verified, that “the gates of hell should not prevail against it.” But God has *not* so willed it. He has given the head of His Church a territory of his own, thereby enabling him to maintain a position of independence, and to work out the supernatural ends for which he is appointed by means of ordinary and natural instruments; and the question now is, whether it would be for the interests of religion that these natural instruments should be withdrawn, and that we should trust to the miraculous interference of divine providence to secure the continued independence of the Church’s action, or rather (for we need not enter upon the abstract question, which we are not competent to decide, as to what is absolutely best and most desirable; but) would Christians of the present day be justified in actively promoting, or dare they even tamely acquiesce, supposing them to have the means of effectual resistance, in the separation of this temporal power from the dignity of the Bishop of Rome?

There are two ways by which we may learn what are the proper and natural consequences of any system or institution. The one is by examining it in its essence, in the fundamental idea on which it is built, and noting what consequences seem necessarily to flow from this idea; the other, by observing it in action, in history, and seeing what consequences it has, as a matter of fact, uniformly produced. Now we believe that the temporal sovereignty of the Popes, when tried by either of these tests, will be found to be only a natural and necessary consequence of the spiritual supremacy with which they are invested. The Pope is the common Father of all the faithful dispersed throughout the world; he has to legislate in spiritual matters for the equal good of all; he embraces all with the same paternal affection; it is his office to direct, to exhort, and to rebuke all, whether kings or subjects, by the same unerring rule of God’s law. There is, therefore, a manifest impropriety in his being in a position of special dependence upon some one of this world’s rulers; the mere fitness of things seems absolutely to require that he should occupy a neutral and independent territory, where the impartiality of his judgments would be above suspicion. Were it otherwise, it is obvious to remark that it would be impossible (humanly speaking) that those judgments should command respect and obedience. We have seen ourselves, how, at a time when,

* Clifton Tracts, No. xvii. p. 2.

though still a sovereign, he was a temporary exile from his own dominions, men urged it as an apology for neglecting his commands, and even questioning their authenticity, that they were not to be accounted his own, for that he was residing in a foreign land, receiving the hospitality of a foreign king, and therefore altogether dependent upon his will. This objection, we say, was urged again and again during the residence of the present Pontiff at Gaeta, where yet he enjoyed all that freedom and independence of action which rightly belonged to him as a sovereign, and was surrounded by all the diplomatic corps, the representatives of foreign nations, precisely the same as if he had been in his own court on the Quirinal. What would be said, then, if the Pope, instead of being a mere temporary guest in a territory not his own, were habitually the subject of another power? Common sense is sufficient to tell us that the cry of intimidation and undue influence would be incessant; every prince who considered himself aggrieved by some act or judgment of the Pope would at once declare that he did not regard that act as genuine; the Pope was not a free agent; he would appeal from the Pope in bondage, or at least under a certain degree of moral coercion, real or supposed, to the Pope at liberty and in independence. Thus a due consideration even of the mere fundamental idea of the Papacy, as the supreme governing power in Christ's Church upon earth, seems to shew an absolute necessity for the temporal sovereignty that is annexed to it. History also leads us to the same conclusion. The temporal power was not, indeed, contemporaneous with the spiritual; the one was immediately from God, of divine institution; the other was only a consequence of that institution. It came later; but it came naturally and certainly, as an effect follows its cause. It was necessary that certain impediments should first be removed, that the social and political state of the world should be previously disposed to receive it; but the root of the matter was there from the very first, and it only required time and the co-operation of favourable circumstances to effect its complete development. And this is the true explanation of that phenomenon which is so perplexing to our adversaries, the perpetual existence of the papal sovereignty. Again and again have they rejoiced over its supposed downfall: "Now, at least," they have said, "it has fallen for ever, it is finally submerged; we shall hear no more of it." But wait a few short years, perhaps only a few months, and the disappointed prophets are doomed to see it rise again, full of life and youthful vigour; it is "ever dying, yet fated not to die." All other thrones, having nothing but an earthly foundation, fall sooner

or later, one after the other, either through a process of internal exhaustion and decay, or by the pressure of external force; the Papacy alone seems to be exempt from this common law; it survives all vicissitudes, and is ever rising out of all its difficulties, living and triumphant. "The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday," says Mr. Macaulay, "when compared with the line of the supreme Pontiffs; the republic of Venice is modern when compared with the Papacy; and the Republic of Venice is gone, and the Papacy remains." Why is this, but because the temporal sovereignty of the Popes has its roots in something more stable, more lasting than any other sovereignty that ever existed? We know with certainty that the spiritual kingdom of which the Popes are at the head can never fail; and the fact that the temporal dominion which is connected with it has stood the brunt of thirteen or fourteen centuries, has displayed a degree of enduring existence and immutability such as is not to be found in the annals of any other kingdom in the world, surely warrants us in concluding that this union between the temporal and the spiritual is something more than accidental; that the temporal draws life and vigour from its connexion with the spiritual, and that they are in fact intimately and essentially knit up together.

Or let us look at it again from another point of view; let us see what results the bitterest enemies of the Christian faith have always promised themselves from any revolution which should effect a separation between the two, and the most timid and ignorant amongst us will learn to misdoubt perhaps the specious sophistry by which they may have been deceived into a momentary agreement with heretics and infidels upon this subject. "The abolition of the Pope's temporal power," says Mazzini (in a letter published in the *Globe* newspaper of August 30, 1849), "draws along with it in the minds of all those who understand the secret of the papal authority, the emancipation of the whole human race from his spiritual dominion also." "If only we can gain possession of the Papal States," wrote Frederick II. of Prussia to Voltaire, "the game is ours, and the contest is ended. All the potentates of Europe will refuse to recognise a Vicar of Christ in one who is the subject of another sovereign, and they will therefore create patriarchs each in his own state. In this way, all will withdraw by degrees from the unity of the Church, and will end by having each a separate religion, as they already have a separate language." No one can doubt but that this would be the natural result of the loss of temporal sovereignty by the Bishop of Rome; and although it is very conceivable that Almighty God might supernaturally overrule the course of

events, so as to bring good out of evil, and although it is of faith that no such result as the *philosophers* of the last century so confidently predicted could possibly come to pass, yet surely it is no reason why we should rob the Church of her temporal power and dignity, because we know that we are not thereby taking away her life. Indeed, the very fact that Frederick II. and Voltaire, and others of their school, have always hated the civil power of the Popes, and laboured to overthrow it, should of itself make us suspect its importance and true value. What such men as Wickliffe and Arnold of Brescia in olden times, and the Protestants, Jansenists, and deists of later date, and (though last, not least) the political demagogues and secret societies of our own days, denounce so bitterly, and are so anxious to overturn, must certainly be worth defending.

Moreover, we should remember that those who talk of the desirableness of restoring the Papacy to its primitive moderation and simplicity in this matter betray no anxiety (and have not the power, even if they had the will) to carry the rest of society back to the same primitive model. On this point they are ready to forget and to disown what is their favourite topic on every other subject, that most ambiguous yet perpetually recurring word, *progress*. They seem to overlook or to be unconscious of the natural harmony which should pervade the whole social system, and see no inconsistency in being clamorous advocates for the most liberal expansion in some elements of that system, whilst to others they would deny all liberty of growth whatever. Manual labour must give way to new inventions in machinery; railroads must supersede horses; fresh improvements may be introduced day after day into all the arts and sciences; nay, still more, the very science of government must receive fresh development; absolute monarchies must give way to constitutional ones; every vestige of feudalism must disappear before the triumphant march of parliaments and "the representative system:" but one thing alone amid this universal advance is destined to stand still, must never dare to put forth a new shoot and to grow and strengthen, to wit, the Papacy. The Bishops of Rome must remain what they were in the days of Nero and Diocletian; without endowments, without palaces, without officers, without temporal dignity and power. The changed conditions of civil and political life require no corresponding change in the ecclesiastical; what was right and sufficient when the Church was in her infancy, and slowly gathering souls into the true fold, first one and then another, is right and sufficient still, though "the place of her tent be enlarged and her cords lengthened," and she be in a position no longer

to make her impressions upon society through the medium of individuals, but rather, by an opposite process, upon individuals through society.

CATHOLIC NOVELISTS.

Lady Bird: a Tale. By Lady Georgiana Fullerton. London, Moxon.

Bertha; or the Pope and the Emperor: an Historical Tale.
By W. B. Maccabe, Esq. Dublin, Duffy.

WE had occasion a few months ago* to review the peculiar opportunities for good or evil enjoyed by the novelist. His easy access to impressible minds, in their least wary moods; his gay attire; the fascination of his manner or his subject, make him one of the most useful or the most dangerous companions of the idle hours of youth. He is powerful for good or evil, for heaven or hell, as he uses his rare and almost irresponsible influence; he may enervate, or he may strengthen and brace; he may sanctify or corrupt the young ingenuous mind; and all the while he is himself so remote from observation, so secluded from the operation of public opinion (within very wide limits indeed), that more than an ordinary love of truth and virtue seems requisite to secure him from adopting a false and unhealthy tone.

The works at the head of our present article suggest an analogous view of the duties and the temptations, the advantages and the perils of the Catholic writer of fiction. Such is the altered position of the Catholic body in England, that, emerging from its long and dignified privacy, it now aspires to the possession of a literature of its own; and sometimes not unsuccessfully. It has its weekly newspapers, and its periodicals, monthly and quarterly; its clubs and guilds and literary institutes; its publishers are men of established reputation even in the fastidious quarters of metropolitan fashion; poetry and fiction, learning and clever writing, are ranked among its newly-recovered ornaments and means of success. We are well aware, indeed, that there are some unamiable critics who believe that the printing-press is destined never to become an assistance, but always to remain, as at first, a trial and an obstruction to Catholic principles. We confess, however, that we are more sanguine, as well as more grateful for what has been already accomplished for us by the press. And anticipating a still wider field for our literary efforts, as new and untried opportunities are presented, we deem it of the last

* *Rambler*, June 1852.

importance that our literary labourers, particularly in the department of fiction, should understand what is expected of them, and what may come amiss from them ; so that, with full consciousness of their position in all its circumstances, they may be qualified to render good service to the illustration and the defence of religion.

Controversy we should be inclined absolutely to exclude from the province of legitimate fiction. The incongruity is too apparent to require insisting on between the scholastic syllogism applied to the doctrines of faith and the conversation of modern drawing-rooms ; between the decrees of a general council and the walks and talks of lovers. A novel must of necessity be principally concerned with society on its secular side ; and above all, it seems to be an established law in such compositions that their interest must needs be made to turn chiefly on the mutual influence of the sexes on each other. In either respect the introduction of general controversy is incongruous and unsuitable ; lowering the dignity of its own character, without any return but the deterioration of the portrait of manners ; spoiling the story, as it is popularly expressed, without any substantial gain to the cause of truth.

But while we should be inclined to prohibit the Catholic writer of fiction from entering upon the domain of controverted doctrine, we would not therefore terminate the relations of his art to religion and sound morality. He undertakes to portray human nature in many various phases : joy, sorrow, love, rivalry, jealousy, disappointment, and innumerable other states and circumstances of human character, are the materials of his composition. He depicts men and women either as he actually finds them behaving themselves in the battle of life, or as he conceives that they ought to behave ; their springs of action, their principles of conduct, must be brought out by their deportment and language in every possible variety of incident that may befall them. Here a rare and noble opportunity is offered for representing the true bearing of Catholic faith and teaching on the necessities of human nature ; for exhibiting its adaptation to human infirmity ; its strengthening, correcting, reforming, consoling, and elevating influences. Its pure and stainless morality ; its lofty self-denial ; its philosophical basis, as a means of mental education, in the widest sense of the word ; its many-sided and tender charity,—all are capable of illustration in the course of an ordinary tale of fiction. And, without an obtrusive or constrained manner of drawing attention to them, or forcing them into notice, they may be made to seem no more than the spontaneous suggestions of the writer's own accomplished mind ; the source from which he derives

them will occur only to those who are as familiar as himself with the same origin of generous and elevated sentiments. Thus a healthy and sound tone will be communicated to the minds of his readers through the medium of their amusement; to minds which perhaps would be closed at once to the approach of Christian instruction in any less unpretending or less attractive form.

And here two classes of readers seem to present themselves to the influence of the Catholic author of fiction. There is the youth of his own religion, inexperienced, susceptible of delicate and lasting impressions, as youth alone is. It is surely a great and responsible duty to season the pastime of such youth with the maxims of the Gospel; to make the fanciful creations of his own mind a channel of generous influence to the future generations of his countrymen. He supplements, while he may not intrude on the office of the pastor; he popularises the lessons of the pulpit and the confessional; he is the teacher of manners, the master of instruction, without the recognised authority or the formality of the minister of Christ.

Nor would it be easy to overrate the importance of his relation to another class of readers, consisting of persons who, though alien to his own religious belief, yet partly from motives of idle curiosity, partly perhaps with a laudable desire of learning something of its real nature, are attracted by the name of a Catholic author appearing in the garb of a novelist, to give his opinions a trial. Here is a golden opportunity, possessed by few controversialists, of gaining a fair hearing for his own side of the question; an opportunity which, as we observed before, is not to be taken advantage of by opening a formal attack on the doctrinal position of his opponents, but by so arranging his narrative and the exposition of his own principles, as to bring into clear relief the true state of the case on many subjects, in regard to which all but Catholics labour under a total misapprehension. Prejudices may thus be cleared away at small cost; valuable and new information given to many impartial minds; clouds of error dispelled, by no effort of words, but by simple and honest description; by attributing correct motives to actions otherwise perhaps indifferent; in a word, by portraying Catholic subjects and Catholic agents as they really are. Viewed in relation to this second and more numerous class of readers, an essential qualification to be desired in a Catholic author of fiction is the disposition and the ability to represent his subject fairly; neither exaggerating nor diminishing the Catholic peculiarities in it; not obtruding his religion needlessly on the notice of his readers, but scrupulously abstaining, on the other hand,

from the partial, one-sided descriptions, which are so common among writers of the hostile camp ; common and mischievous errors must be avoided ; what is exceptional must not be produced as the rule ; a fair transcript of nature, at least, is required. An otherwise excusable desire for effect must not tempt him to indulge in scenes which have no counterpart in reality, or only at very rare intervals, if any countenance is thereby given to delusions widely spread, and highly prejudicial to Catholic truth.

One example will suffice to illustrate our position ; and those who have read *Lady Bird* will at once anticipate the one we are about to select. The universal belief among Protestants regarding the religious orders of the Catholic Church is, that monasteries and houses of religious women are asylums for desolate and broken hearts, filled with the victims of disappointed affection, of a cruel fortune, or of parental tyranny. They will not believe in the possibility of a free dedication of the young and virgin heart to the Lord of life. A "clothing" is to them a sad closing chapter of a domestic tragedy ; a final "profession" the desperate act of one disgusted with the world, and abandoning it in revenge or morbid discontent. The subject forms a staple commodity in most Protestant novels that deal with Catholic matters at all ; the Protestant press sedulously keeps alive the delusion ; the wide, wide Protestant world devoutly believes and propagates it. One might almost call it the first article of their creed concerning us ; their belief in it amounts to a superstition. Yet, spite of all this, it is a delusion, contradicted by daily facts, by the experience of every one in the least acquainted with the true state of the case. It is a delusion, moreover, which a Catholic writer of fiction has many facilities for dispelling, which he can dispel perhaps better than another who wields the more ponderous weapon of controversy. It is a delusion, therefore, which he is in a manner *bound* to aid in removing, for the sake of truth, of the holy orders of religion, and of the mistaken persons who voluntarily come under the influence of his writing.

But it may be said that such sad histories of disappointment do sometimes occur ; mention may be made of instances like De Rancé and Ignatius, and, in our own day, Gentili ; men who turned to God after tasting the bitterness of an unsuccessful quest after earthly affection or earthly honours. We admit that the case is not altogether uncommon ; we rejoice that for such stricken souls there is rest and peace in the secluded homes of religion. But knowing how strong is the prevailing opinion in the great Protestant world, that religion is *entirely* supplied and kept alive by such conversions from

the world, either voluntary or compulsory, we are inclined to maintain that a writer of fiction, who can choose his own model, is, as we have said, *bound* to take it from the usual, and not from the exceptional, condition of our religious orders; just as an artist, when delineating some object for the benefit of persons who are not very familiar with it, would naturally choose his model among those specimens that are possessed of all the faculties and members proper to the species in question, although other specimens deprived of both might easily be found. If the monastery or convent of nuns is *sometimes* a haven after shipwreck for the forsaken, disappointed, and weary heart, there are others *daily* offered to the King of kings within their precincts, in all the freshness of first and heavenly love. If the world *sometimes* have the first use of what is afterwards surrendered at second-hand to God, there are *many* bright and costly gems, undimmed by the breath of human passion, transferred to the diadem of the King of Virgins; many rare and precious flowers, in their opening bloom, transplanted into the garden of the Lord, ere their beauty has been enjoyed by the world, or blighted by its pestilential air. Their history may be wanting in the romantic effect which is required for a portrait of fiction; but a Catholic artist should be content to sacrifice this for the fulfilment of the office of religious apologist, which he may be said to have taken upon himself.

We confess that we should have been better pleased with *Lady Bird*, if its accomplished authoress had concurred in this view of her privilege, and (as we consider it) her bounden duty, as a Catholic writer. In her pages religious vocation is represented as literally going a-begging; first one discarded lover and then another, a lady and a gentleman, failing to secure the respective objects of their attachment, hide their mortification in the vows of perfection; while the only instance of an original vocation, in the mother of the heroine, is described as overruled by some external force, and its abandonment expiated by a miserable life in the world, passed in pain and neglect.

The career of D'Arberg seems to us peculiarly open to objection on these grounds. His character is a very clever portrait, uniting unusual strength with great sweetness, learning and genius with unselfish and heroic philanthropy. He has much in common with Count Montalembert. He is brought before us, curiously enough, with a story of his early life, which is true of the French nobleman's brother-in-law, Mgr. de Merode, now one of the *Camerieri partecipanti* of the present Pope, of whom it is told, that having accidentally given offence to some officer in Paris, and having been challenged by

him, he refused to accept the challenge, but on the very next day volunteered into the Algerine army, in the dispatches from which he was twice named as a model of a young and brave soldier.* Were this all then, were it only that M. D'Arberg had begun life as a military man, we should not quarrel with our authoress for afterwards making him a priest; but Adrien has been twice engaged to be married, and the power of his affection is portrayed in the very liveliest colours. In his early youth he is attached to a cousin of his own, whose premature death, we may observe by the way, is one of the most affecting passages in the book. When she is removed, he has occasional yearnings after the religious life; but, at the suggestion of his friends, attempts another matrimonial engagement, and once more fails. Becoming acquainted, by means of an accident, with Gertrude Lifford, the Lady Bird and heroine of the tale, they mutually fall in love with each other, and her sick and dying mother then blesses their proposed union. Gertrude's father, however, a proud and inexorable man, discards his daughter's suitor without even consulting her; she flies precipitately from his house, and in an agony of resentment and despair, believing herself deserted by D'Arberg, allows herself to be united in marriage to an impetuous young musician, who, though engaged to another, yet had long loved Gertrude in secret. D'Arberg meanwhile has retired to Paris, and is described by a friend as "in such a frame of mind, that I have little doubt my old prophecy will come true, and that he will end by becoming a priest." After a series of misfortunes, Gertrude and her husband resolve to emigrate, and by accident select the same ship as that in which D'Arberg, still a layman, embarks with a troop of Irish emigrants, to take charge of them and conduct them in safety to their new home.† A terrible struggle ensues in Gertrude's mind; her husband discovers her strong and undiminished attachment to D'Arberg, and thinking himself dying, recommends her to follow her inclination when he is gone. She and D'Arberg watch over the sinking youth, and one night she by mistake administers a dose of opium to her wretched husband. D'Arberg succeeds in recovering him from imminent peril; and by the bed of the exhausted youth, takes an oath, in which Gertrude joins, that if her husband dies, they will

* One day, when retreating under a heavy fire from the Arabs, the Count de Merode passed a wounded Frenchman; on which he dismounted from his horse under a perfect shower of bullets, lifted the wounded man to his own saddle, and bore him safely out of danger.

† This again is an incident taken from real life; the life of an Irish gentleman of family, whose charitable exertions for his poorer fellow-countrymen have since been rewarded by his reception into the One Fold.

bid each other adieu for ever. At the conclusion of the voyage the ship takes fire; the shock is too much for the worn-out frame of Gertrude's husband, and soon after he is carried a-shore, he dies. Here, however, we must enter a very strong protest, *en passant*, against the following scene, which (it appears to us) could never, under any circumstances, be justified as in accordance with the principles of Catholic morality. There are three persons present, a husband, his wife, and another man. The husband, believing himself to be at the point of death, speaks thus :

" 'Hush, do not interrupt me now. The time is short, and I have something to say to you both. First, dearest Gertrude, tell her whom I loved before, and only less than you, that in my dying hour I have blessed her; that here, round my neck, I have always worn the little medal which she placed there the first time that we parted. Tell her that, through all my sins and my sufferings, I have never omitted to say every day the short prayer she then gave me. Take it, Gertrude, and let Mary have it. And now listen, both of you, to my last words, my last wish, my last request. There is a thought that would give me inexpressible consolation in these my last moments. Adrien! Gertrude! I have stood between you and happiness during my life. Oh, let it not be so after my death! Give me your hands—let me join them together—let me feel that you will both be happy when I am dead, that the memory of all I have made you suffer will only unite you more closely to each other, and that thoughts of tenderness and pity for one who sinned against you so deeply will be mixed with every recollection of the past.'

" 'Do you think I could ever feel any thing but love and gratitude for you, Maurice?' she murmured, almost inaudibly, and Adrien grasped more tightly the hand he was holding.

" Maurice made a faint attempt to unite theirs, and articulated with effort, but with an imploring expression, 'Promise me that you will marry.' She shook her head, and passed her arm round his neck. 'For my peace, for my sake,' he ejaculated; simultaneously she and Adrien joined their hands for one instant, and then bent over him in speechless emotion, for life was ebbing fast, and death approaching. A look of repose settled on his face, a faint smile played on his lips, and his spirit passed away. Adrien and Gertrude repeated the *De profundis* before they rose from their knees, and then separated, only once to meet again—by the side of Maurice's grave in the cemetery of New York."*

It is true, indeed, that they do not marry, because, as we have seen, they have previously vowed not to do so; nevertheless a Catholic's sense of propriety is certainly offended by the very idea of a second marriage being contemplated, and even made the subject of conversation, whilst the first mar-

* Vol. iii. pp. 244-246.

riage is still undissolved. What sort of *sponsalia* could these be called? and yet, in form at least, they were real. If a man invite two persons who are free to contract *sponsalia*, to promise to marry one another, and they in token of acquiescence join hands in his presence, they are undoubtedly betrothed. And this betrothal, in the sight of the Church, has many important consequences.

To return, however, to the sketch which we were giving of the plot of the whole story: Gertrude, now a widow, devotes herself to the assistance and relief of poor emigrants; and with her only child returns in a few years to England, where, we are told, though she has "no intention of becoming a nun," yet she "leads the life of a Sister of Charity." The last that is heard of D'Arberg is, that he is a father of the Society of Jesus, preaching with great success, and amidst many dangers, in the land of martyrs in Eastern Asia.

Mary, whom Redmond deserts, after a long engagement, to marry Gertrude, and whose character is perhaps the most pleasing in the whole work, in like manner becomes a Sister of Mercy when her hopes of happiness in this world close for ever.

If a Catholic authoress of the high and sterling stamp of this noble lady can find no better materials than these for a work of fiction, what wonder that a crowd of Protestant novelists, who try their hand on a portrait of Catholic manners, should rise no higher than a caricature? We expect better and truer things from one who has already merited so well of the Catholic body as Lady Georgiana Fullerton; and we feel assured that her mature judgment and undoubted ability will, sooner or later, repair the unfavourable impression made by the general tenour of her recent work. To our mind, no criticism of ours can convey a severer reproof than the eulogium of a Protestant contemporary, who remarks, "One feature in the present tale is, that all the chief characters are Roman Catholic; but the peculiarities of papal belief or practice are little introduced; and *the passions and sentiments, the virtues and vices, are those common to human nature.*"

What we have hitherto said about *Lady Bird* has been said with reference to its claims upon our attention as a *Catholic* novel. Let us now look at it merely as a story, considered apart from its religious aspect altogether. Even in this point of view, we are not inclined to rate it so highly as either of its predecessors. We regret to observe traces of haste in the composition, which alone could account for such an offence against language as the following (vol. i. p. 39), "It may be right for you to read such books; it would not

answer to me ;” and again (vol. i. p. 13), “ Or did he not love her because she was proud, though with a different pride *than* his own ;” or, “ Life appeared to her under a very different aspect *than* it had ever presented before” (vol. ii. p. 109). Nor can we refuse to subscribe also to the protest of some of our contemporaries against the introduction of such a word as “ *snub*” into grave and polished composition ; and it occurs twice in the course of the story.

But we feel that we are growing hypercritical ; at least it would be hypercriticism if we were speaking of any ordinary writer ; but we know that our authoress could so write as to give us no handle for blame, and on this account we are more particular than we otherwise should be in pointing out all the blemishes we can find, whether in the choice of subject or in the composition. The ungracious portion of our task is ended, and we would now repeat the request to our readers which we made in our last Number, that they will go and read *Lady Bird* for themselves. This advice may seem inconsistent with all that we have said ; but the truth is, that, for the reason just given, we have said our worst, and we have not said our best about the book. It is decidedly a book that educated Catholics should read. The mere existence of such a work amongst our lighter literature is a very striking token of the social advance which our holy religion has made in this country. We can promise those of our readers who will follow our advice, that they will find much to interest and amuse, and not unfrequently even to instruct them.

Wishing to part with our authoress on friendly terms, and to leave on our readers’ minds a pleasing impression, we will add one or two favourable specimens of her style : repeating our wish and constant hope, that our next meeting may be on ground better adapted to her unquestionable literary ability.

The following remarks are made *à propos* of Gertrude’s expressing a wish that she had “ something to think about :”

“ A tendency to ennui, joined to a craving for excitement even of the most trivial description, is the disease of certain minds, and there is but one cure for it. Call it what you will ; self-education, not for this world, but for the next ; the work of life understood ; perfection conceived and resolutely aimed at ; the dream of human happiness resigned, and in the same hour its substance regained ; the capital paid into the next world, and the daily unlooked-for interest received in this ;—such is the strange alchymy in which God deals, and the secret of so many destinies which the world wonders over, and never learns to understand.”*

Our next extract shall be of a different kind. Mr. Eger-

* Vol. i. pp 56, 57.

ton is speaking of Lady Clara Audley, a Protestant lady of this wonderful nineteenth century, such as our forefathers never dreamt of, yet such as are undoubtedly to be met with in the present generation. Gertrude asks,

“ ‘How does she like Paris? How does Paris like her?’

“ ‘The liking is mutual. She is excessively admired, and she amuses herself from morning to night with every gay and serious thing that comes in her way. She has friends of all sorts and kinds, and they take her to the most different places. She sees people of the most opposite politics, and there are curious meetings in her drawing-room. During the short time that I was with her, she gave me a specimen of the various interests to be found in this new page of her life. It was high time that she should go abroad; she had exhausted novelty in England, and wanted some new canvass to work upon. It would amuse you to hear all the different things that she does in succession. How she goes from a *crèche* or an *hospice* to the morning rehearsal of an opera; from a sermon at St. Roch to a dinner at a *café*; how she begins the day with a *messe en musique* at the Madeleine, and ends with the theatre of the Palais-Royal. Her Paris Sundays are curious; she rushes from one church to another, from the discourses of an Unitarian preacher to the conferences of Father Lacordaire; from the Swedenborgian meeting, or perhaps from the synagogue, to Notre Dame des Victoires, where she braves the heat and pushes through the crowd, for the sake of the thousand voices that strike up at once their enthusiastic cantiques. I was nearly dead after following her through her successive religious amusements last Sunday.’

“ ‘She must be very good not to be afraid of thus playing with the most tremendous subject on earth and beyond it.’

“ ‘Why, never having hurt a fly in her life, or spoken an unkind word—though she may have uttered many thoughtless ones—I suppose her conscience has no need to give her uneasiness. Time has as little ruffled her soul as wrinkled her face;—she is nearly as pretty as ever.’ ”*

We must make room for one extract more, and then take our leave of these volumes. The following tells its own tale:

“ Mr. Latimer was very happy at Audley Park, for he had one ruling passion—the investigation of characters; and there was a fine field for it in the present party. He wrote to a friend: ‘It is the most amusing thing in the world, to live in this menagerie, this ‘happy family,’ in which I feel myself like the owl, with whom nobody meddles, and who sleeps with his eyes open. There is our hostess, a lovely bird, with the most stainless plumage and the sweetest voice, warbling mellifluously on her golden perch, but keeping at a respectful distance from that clever little mocking-bird Mr. Crofton, whose sharp beak pecks rather harder than is always

* Vol. iii. pp. 104-16.

agreeable. There is that stately bird of paradise Lady Roslyn, and a family of canary birds, the Miss Apleys,—pleasant enough if they did not chirp so incessantly. Then they have got another creature, whom I hardly know how to describe. It is half foreign and half English, a young eaglet, perhaps born in the Pyrenees, bred in an old house in this old-fashioned country. Such eyes it has, it could no doubt stare at the sun if they tried. You know I am not often in the humour in which it would be safe for a child to play with me, but this young eaglet is not afraid of my snarling. Then we have all sorts of other creatures besides, gentleman-like young birds, like Egerton; cock-sparrow geniuses, and would-be statesmen, like Marlow; good-humoured geese, like Apley; and a very tall French bird, whom I cannot make head or tail of; besides many others, for the cage can hardly hold us all. We have not fought much yet. There is only a little beating of wings and hissing now and then. The cock-sparrow has a violent dislike to the tall French bird; but they have not come to blows yet. The canary-birds look with a jaundiced eye at the eaglet, because perhaps they think it will take their goose for a swan. But I think it would come to my perch sooner—and I almost wish it would. It goes by the name of Lady-Bird. By the way, don't you remember a certain Henry Lifford, to whom Lady Clara was engaged some twenty-two years ago, when just emerging from the school-room? This is his daughter by a Spanish wife. I hope I shall not make a fool of myself about her.'”*

Another and a wide field, open to the Catholic novelist, is suggested to us by the second work at the head of our article—the field of European history. It has been largely worked by the adversaries of our religion, if the perversion of fact, in which Protestant historical novels abound, can be called history. Its ground is almost unbroken by ourselves. A story founded on the manners and habits of a particular time may be made the vehicle of much varied instruction, both in regard to the state of society at the period chosen, and also in regard to many subjects on which contending parties are at issue in our own day. And, again, without becoming a formal controversialist, the Catholic writer of historical fiction may be of signal service to the defence of truth.

The origin of the second and popular edition of *Bertha* is a good illustration of our remarks. Mr. Macaulay had taken occasion to make an unmannerly and ungrateful attack on the Catholics of Edinburgh in the person of the Holy Father himself; unmannerly, because common courtesy ought to have imposed silence on such a subject in an assembly of his political supporters, composed of Catholics and Protestants; and ungrateful, because to the support of the Catholic electors he owed his return at the head of the poll. Mr. Macaulay went

* Vol. ii. pp. 121-123.

out of his way to conciliate Protestant favour by reviling the great Hildebrand, by repeating the old and often disproved accusation of insolence and intolerance. Mr. Maccabe, instead of entering the lists against this champion of Protestantism in the formal defence of the great Pope, republishes, in a popular form, his tale of *Bertha*, founded on incidents and characters belonging to the age of Gregory VII. He holds the mirror up to nature, and reflects to the eye of this century the transactions and deeds of shame that made the name of Henry II. of Germany execrable in the eleventh. Aided by a thorough and minute acquaintance with the history of that period, he has succeeded in producing a life-like picture of some of its most appalling scenes. We know no very recent tale that reminds us so much of the style and manner of Scott as this does, in all but his matchless dialogue; there the author of *Waverley* is unapproached. But to his acquaintance with past times and manners, Mr. Maccabe adds the merit of greater accuracy, and probably more intimate knowledge. We defy any honest reader to rise from the perusal of *Bertha* without being convinced that, if the facts related in it are true, Gregory VII. was the saviour of European society; and if the facts are disputed, ample reference is given to the usual sources of information.

Yet even here we are pained to observe the same disposition, of which we complained in *Lady Bird*, to get rid of those characters which, according to the rules of art, must be killed off in the course of the story, by shutting them up in a convent. No fewer than three ladies in the tale are so disposed of at one fell swoop. We think the circumstances of the excommunication of Hildebrand, pronounced by the wicked bishop of Utrecht, pushed far beyond the limits of probability; and we confess that the death-bed of Gurtrand has an unsatisfactory appearance to us. But, as a whole, the story is admirably told; and we are glad to welcome it in its new form.

As it seems to us, no Catholic novelist of the day has come so near the entire fulfilment of his great mission as the distinguished author of the *Promessi Sposi*. With no controversy, no forced or formal advocacy of doctrines peculiarly Catholic, and with no suppression of them, he has contrived to make his religion truly amiable and attractive, in so many forms and circumstances of social life. He unites the social and historical portraiture, which singly may be made so useful in the recommendation of the Catholic religion, and when combined is to all but the victims of prejudice irresistible. We venture to propose Manzoni as a model to all future labourers in this field of fiction.

The Rambler.

PART LXIV.

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To Correspondents.

H. M. E. A. G. Declined, with thanks.

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